

THE *Desert*
MAGAZINE



JUNE, 1941

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DESERT Calendar

MAY 30-JUNE 1 Wild flower show, Julian, California. Also weekends of May 17-18, May 24-25. In town hall.

JUNE 3-4 Annual Pioneer Day, Clovis, New Mexico. Rodeo.

3-5 Intermountain Junior fat stock show, North Salt Lake City, Utah. M. Vern Woodhead, secretary.

4 Strawberry Day at Provo, Utah.

6-7 State rifle matches at Fort Huachuca range, Arizona. George F. Parker, Jr., president state association.

7-8 Arizona semi-annual district convention of 20-30 clubs, Kingman. Guido Sartori, chairman.

7-8 Annual Regatta, Elephant Butte Lake, Hot Springs, N. M.

8 Annual northern Arizona Masonic picnic at Pine Flats picnic grounds, Oak Creek. Claude B. Harrison, Jerome, chairman. Masons, Eastern Star members, their families and friends throughout Arizona are invited.

8-10 State convention of Veterans of Foreign Wars, Albuquerque, N. M.

12-28 Arizona landscapes, oil paintings by Robert Atwood of Phoenix, on exhibit at Museum of Northern Arizona, Flagstaff.

13 San Antonio day to be celebrated at Taos Pueblo, New Mexico.

13-15 Cherry Festival, Beaumont, California.

14-15 Los Angeles Cactus show at Manchester playground, 8800 South Hoover street, Los Angeles, California.

23-25 Society for Research on Meteorites in Flagstaff, Arizona. Arizona State Teachers College, Museum of Northern Arizona and Lowell Observatory, joint hosts. L. F. Brady, arrangements.

24 San Juan Day, Corn Dance at Taos Indian Pueblo, New Mexico.

28-29 Utah Association of National Letter Carriers meets in Logan. H. Lee Hales of Logan, president and chairman.

28-29 Stamp clubs of Tucson, Phoenix and Prescott, Arizona, meet in Prescott. Submit stamps before June 27 to Mrs. Maxine Thilken or Leo Stephens of Prescott. Display open to public.



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ARIZONA, by Ivan B. Mardis, Tucson. This picture awarded second prize in Desert Magazine's cover contest in March.

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Lights and Shadows

By ROBERT J. SCHULZ
2941 West 12th St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

First prize in the April contest of Desert Magazine. Taken with a Kodak 620 Monitor. Infra-red film, F filter. Exposure 1 sec. at F19. Developed 20 minutes in D-76 and enlarged on Kodabrom paper No. 4.

Special Merit

Having unusual merit in the photo contest were the following:

"Imperial Valley Dunes," by Arthur E. Berggren, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

"Old Elephant Tree," by Leonard Richardson, Escondido, California.

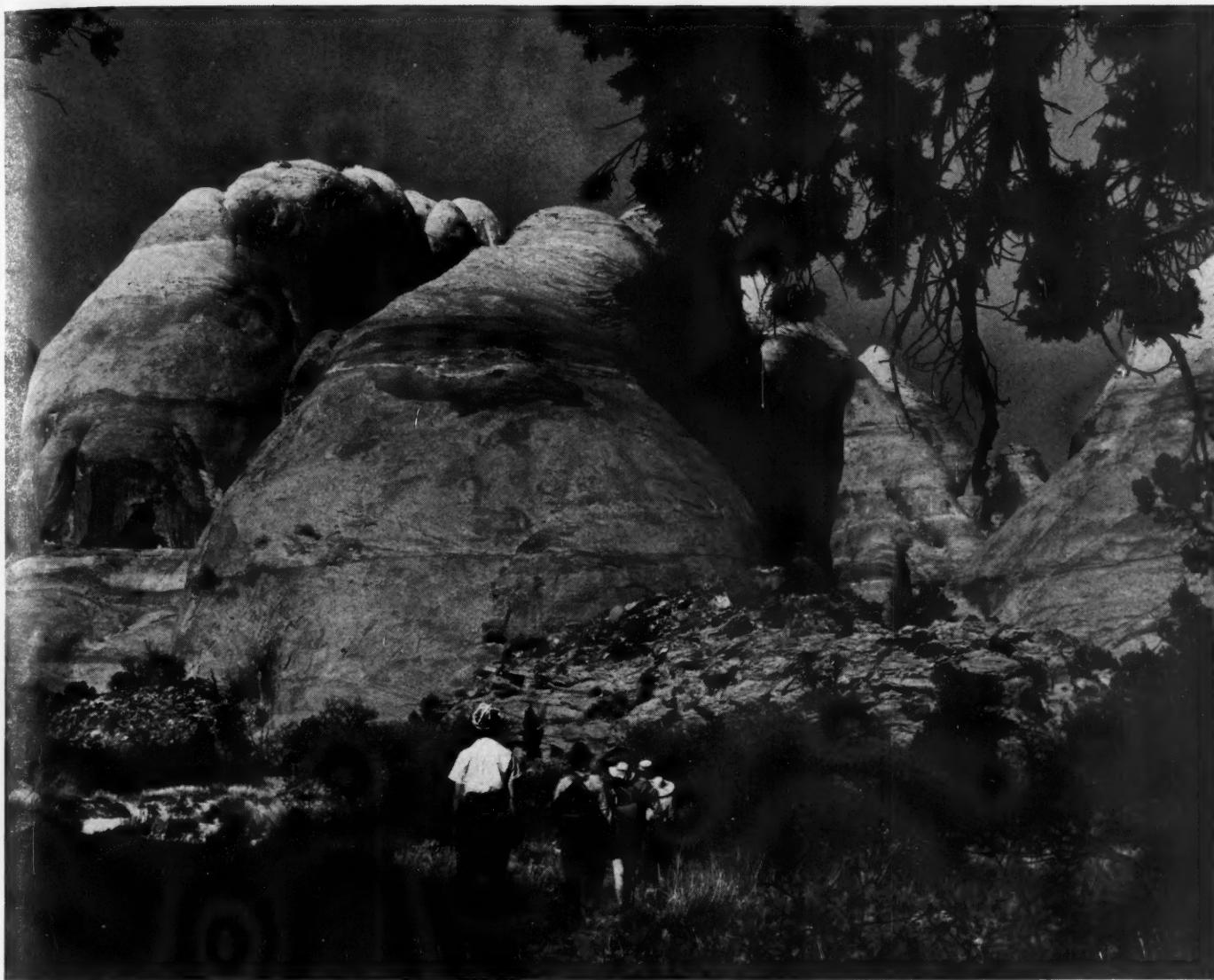
"Beavertail Cactus," by Ollie B. Neher, Pomona, California.

Young Chuckawalla

By R. B. LYTTLE
2821 Sichel St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

This rare photograph of a chuckawalla about two thirds grown was awarded second place in the monthly photographic contest conducted by the Desert Magazine. It was taken at Hidden Springs canyon in the Orocopia foothills with an Eastman kodak, size $2\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, at 6 feet, 1/25 second at F16.





Sierrans on the march. This picture taken on the approach to Redbud pass.

On the Trail to Rainbow Bridge

An average of only 200 persons visit Rainbow Natural bridge in southern Utah each year. It is a very inaccessible place. But this year the great register at the base of the giant arch was signed by one-third of its normal annual quota of visitors in one day. The Sierra Club of California selected the Rainbow trail for its yearly Easter vacation trek—and here is the story of what the Sierrans found in the wild region that lies between Navajo mountain and the Colorado river.

By RANDALL HENDERSON
Photographs by Richard B. Freeman

*I*n the great canvas-bound register that rests on a rock pedestal beneath the huge arch of Rainbow natural bridge in southern Utah there are many names.

Dr. Byron Cummings and John Wetherill were the first to record their visit to this remote desert landmark. That was in August 1909.

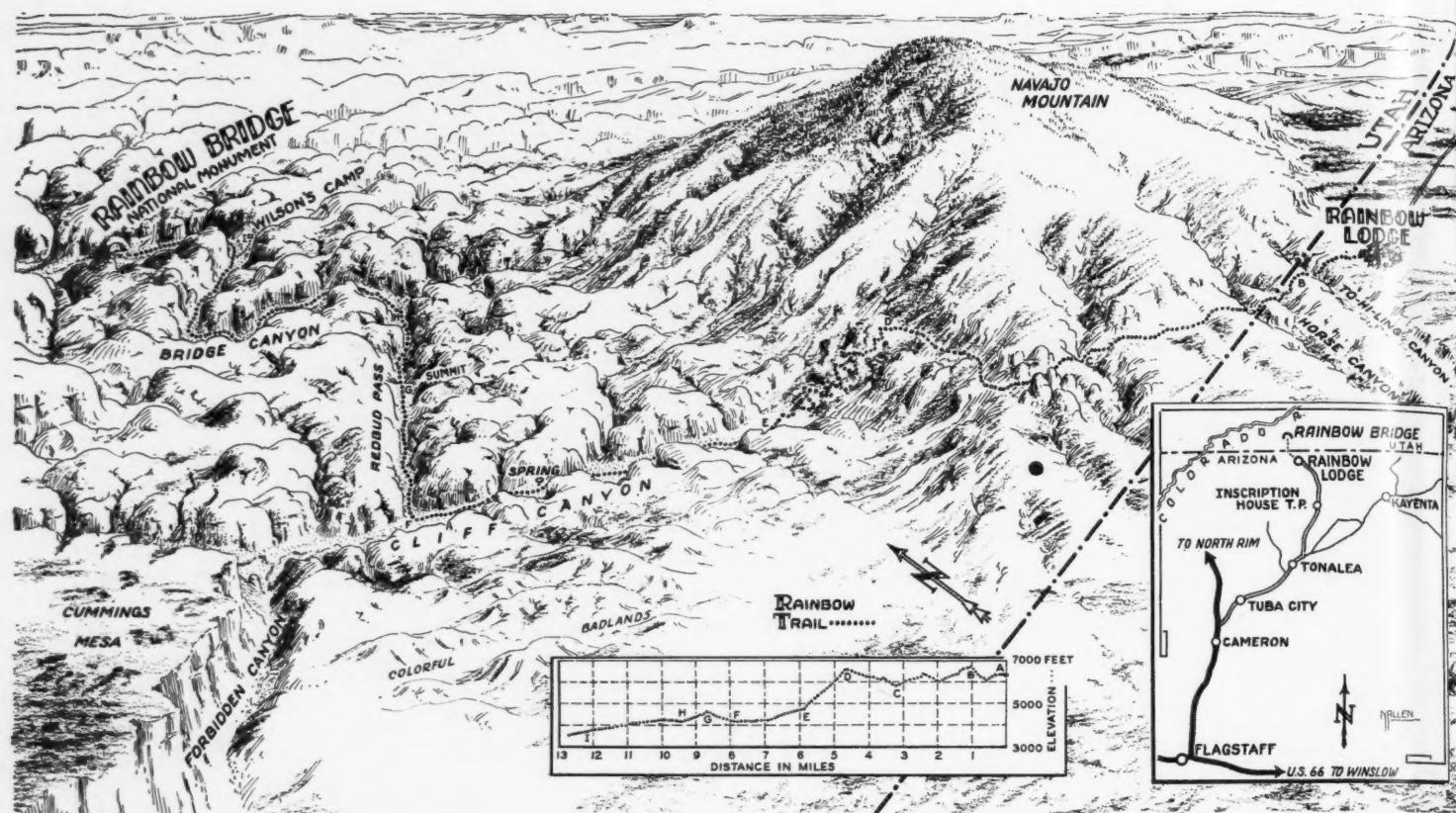
Theodore Roosevelt signed his name there in 1913. Zane Grey was one of the first visitors. J. B. Priestley and Irvin Cobb have left their scrawls across the pages

in more recent years. And there are hundreds of other names not so well known.

When I signed the big 500-page book in the afternoon of April 8 this year I was No. 3323 on the list of visitors. Being curious, I remained there for an hour reading the inscriptions that appeared on its pages. There is human interest in that book. Some of the visitors wrote poetry. Others merely wrote rhymes. There were uncomplimentary remarks about the mules that brought some of the visitors over the 14-mile trail from Rainbow lodge. Some of the remarks were reverent, some were funny. They were just a cross-section of America.

I think the most expressive notation was that of the man who wrote: "I hiked the 14 miles. I've been under this bridge and on top of it and I've seen it from both sides—and I still don't believe it."

But don't let this fellow's unbelief keep you from visiting Rainbow bridge if you have the opportunity to go. There is enough color and artistry and splendor along that 14-mile trail to make the trip



worth while even if the world's largest stone rainbow was not at the end of it.

I went to Rainbow bridge with the Sierra club of California—which means I walked the 14 miles.

We could not have ridden in if we wanted to. There were 78 in our party, and there aren't that many saddle horses in that part of Arizona unless you count those half-tamed little Navajo mustangs from the reservation. As a matter of fact, Bill Wilson, who operates the pack train out of Rainbow lodge had to recruit some of these Indian ponies to help his mules carry in the ton and a half of bedrolls and grub for the hiking party. Bill said it was the biggest party on record.

The Sierrans organized the trip under the leadership of W. E. (Andy) Andrews. It was the annual spring outing trip of California's best known outdoor organization.

Our rendezvous was the U. S. Forestry camp ground seven miles south of Prescott, Arizona. We assembled there for our first campfire program Saturday night, April 5. Cars were rolling into camp far into the night. There were school teachers, lawyers, stenographers, engineers, bankers, artisans—folks who like to spread their sleeping bags on the ground and explore the remote mountain areas for rare flowers and strange birds and unusual camera shots. Or who go just for the companionship they find in forests and among rocky pinnacles.

Our schedule for the Sunday trip north into the painted desert of northern Arizona included many detours. Some of the

Sierrans visited Walnut canyon national monument. Others went to Sunset crater and Wupatki ruins.

Our Sunday night camp was in a little clearing in the juniper trees on the rim of Neetsin canyon near Inscription House trading post. We met a friendly welcome there. Jimmy Brewer, custodian of the Navajo national monument, and Gladwell (Toney) Richardson had selected the campsite—and were there to see that both Arizona and the National park service extended due courtesies to the visitors from California.

The elevation there is close to 7,000 feet. It was cold that night. Ice froze in the wash basins. But wood was plentiful and we had a roaring campfire. We were on the Navajo reservation, and Toney Richardson invited some of his Indian friends to stage a native dance for the white tribesmen from California. The Indians were quite willing—for a consideration—and the canyon echoed with their weird chant as they stamped around the fire.

The Richardsons—Toney and his father—are the traders at Inscription House. Rather, the elder Richardson does most of the trading while Toney writes thrilling western novels. He has sixty-odd titles to his credit, most of them published in England. The war put a crimp in his market and now he is spending much of his time trading flour and velveteen for blankets and silver jewelry and wool—and gathering material for more stories.

Jimmy Brewer—smiling Jimmy—was our guide the next day on a hike down in

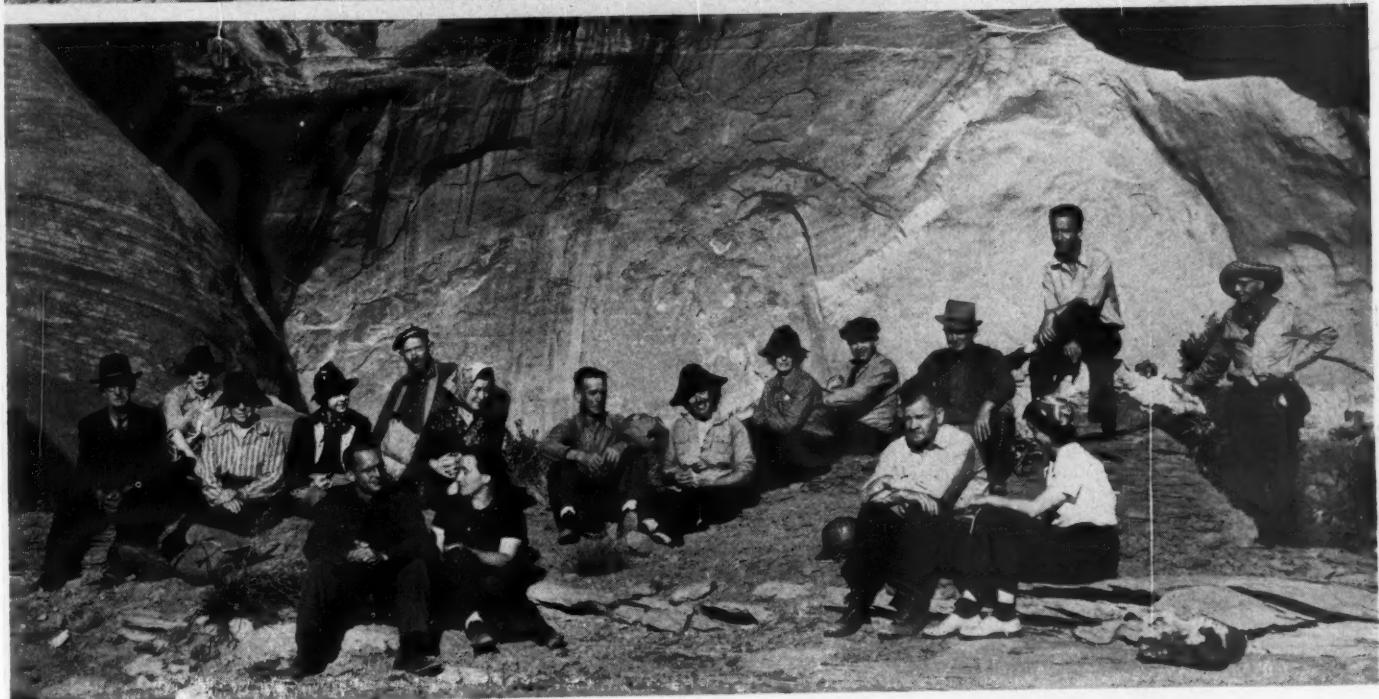
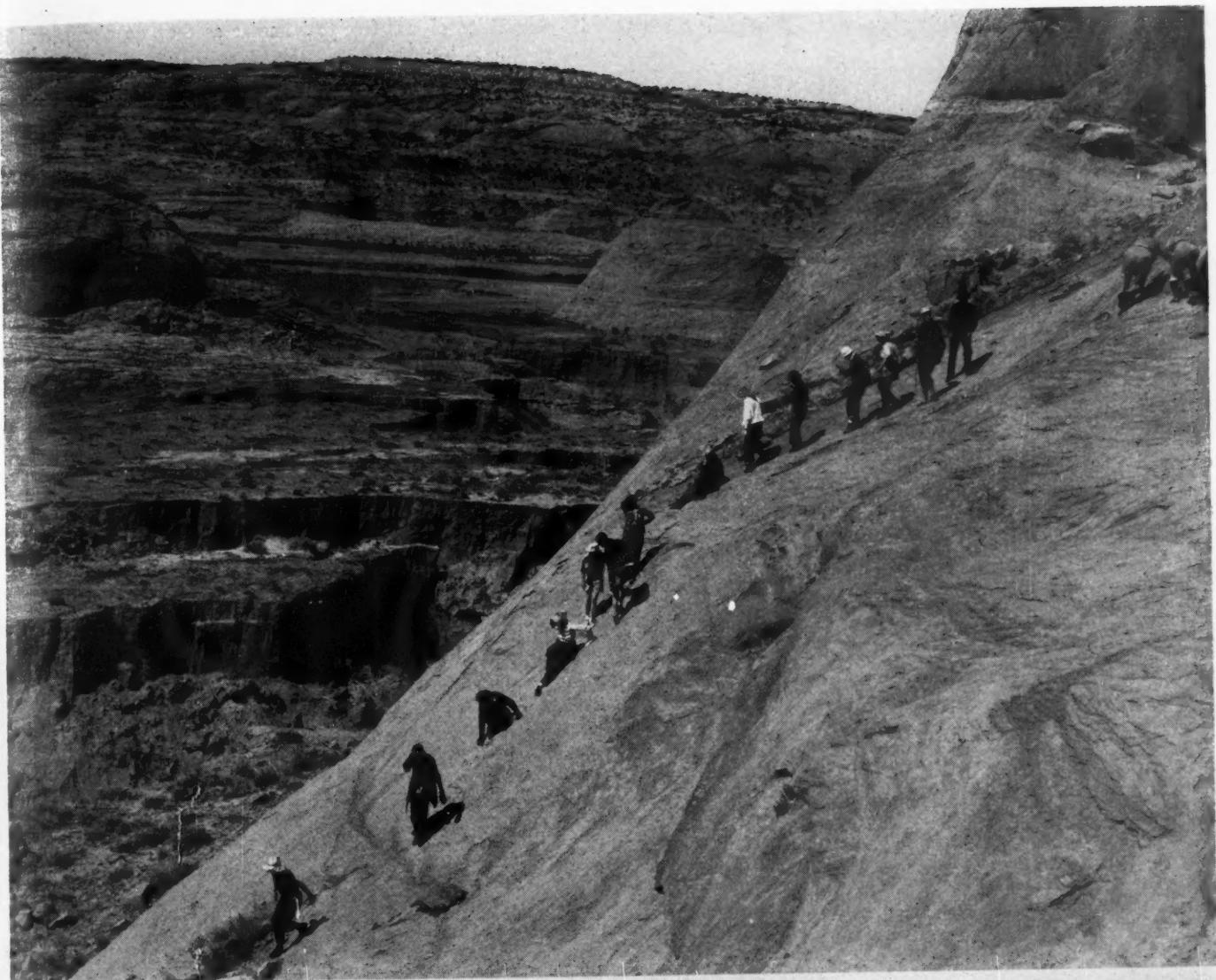
to Neetsin canyon to visit the ancient Inscription House ruins. These are wattle-and-daub cliff dwellings built, according to tree-ring records, between 1200 and 1300 A. D. Their name derives from an old date etched in one of the walls—1661. No one knows who put it there, or the circumstances. John Wetherill, who was one of the first white men to visit these ruins, says there were faint traces of additional lettering when he first saw the inscription. But the message was unintelligible, and today only the date remains.

Inscription House is one of the three ruins in the Navajo national monument. The other two are Betatakin and Keet Seel. Jimmy and Sally Brewer live in a little cabin near Betatakin, keep a watchful eye over the cliff dwellings, guide visitors along the trails in summer and keep busy shoveling a pathway to the woodpile and the water tank when they are snowed in during the winter months. They wouldn't trade places with the richest member of the stock exchange.

Shallow steps have been cut in the steep sandstone wall that leads up to the overhung cove where the Indians built their dwellings. It is a rather precarious climb—but the Indian women carried their ollas of water up this same route 700 years ago, and thought nothing of it.

The visit to Inscription House was merely a sidetrip for the Sierra party. Our goal was Rainbow bridge.

At noon Monday our caravan headed out along the 35-mile road to Rainbow



Above—Members of the Sierra club party detoured from the Rainbow trail to visit Inscription House ruins in a cave high up in the sandstone cliffs. Shallow steps have been cut in the rock for climbers. Below—Sierra hikers along Rainbow trail. Andy Andrews, leader of the party is second from the right.

lodge where our third night's camp was scheduled.

Navajo mountain is the landmark for travelers in this part of Arizona. *Nat-sis-an* the Indians call it. Its summit is 10,416 feet high, and when we were there it was capped with snow. Some of the Sierrans had planned to climb it, but they had failed to bring their skis, and the natives advised against it.

Rainbow lodge, where Katherine and Bill Wilson furnish meals and lodging and pack and saddle animals for visitors to the bridge, is at the southern base of the mountain.

Every one who has traveled the remote desert trails of the Southwest is acquainted with Katherine and Bill. She knows human nature and all the arts of the hostess. Bill knows mules. They say he can actually talk their language. The Wilsons are a perfect team for this far outpost. Half the pleasure of a trip to the bridge is the evening spent in the cozy lodge of the Wilsons.

We camped that night among the rocks and piñons and junipers near the lodge. We sat around a huge fire. There were stories and songs, but we were mostly interested in plans for the 14-mile trek to Rainbow arch. Bill Wilson told us about the trail, and Andy gave final instructions for the early morning start. Bedrolls and food for seven meals, including such cooking utensils as were necessary, were to be stacked at the corral ready for the packers by seven a. m. The load limit for each person was 30 pounds.

John Wetherill and Charles L. Bern-

heimer first scouted the possibility of a trail to Rainbow bridge between 1921 and 1924. John was guide and skipper on the four expeditions they made into this unexplored country. Bernheimer supplied the finances. They mapped a route and some work was done on it.

But the trail in use today was built for the most part by Hubert and S. I. Richardson. Later Hubert bought out his brother's interest. He erected the lodge and built much of the road that connects it with Inscription House trading post.

It was a pioneering job that called for some capital and a great deal of faith. But the Richardsons had what the task required. It has not been a paying investment so far—but if you stop at Hubert's trading post in Cameron and ask him about it, he will laugh and tell you he had a lot of fun doing it, and he doesn't regret the gamble.

The Sierra campers, each little group around its own campfire, were eating their bacon and hot cakes when the sun came up Tuesday morning. By seven o'clock the duffle bags were piled high around the corral, and the hikers were strung out along the trail. Seventy-two members of the party were walking, and six had arranged for saddle horses. Among the walkers were three men nearly 70 years of age and several women past 50.

For a trip of this kind, the Sierran's rule of the trail is simple—every member according to his own wishes. The seasoned hikers may travel as fast as they want to go. The short-rests-and-lots-of-them walkers may take their time. The botanists are

free to botanize as they go along, and it is a field day for the camera clan. And since a majority of those who go on these trips are city dwellers, how they do enjoy the freedom of such an outing.

Leaving Rainbow lodge, the well-defined trail skirts for miles around the base of Navajo mountain. The elevation at the lodge is 6400 feet, at the bridge 3750. But it is not down hill all the way. There are deep gorges to cross: To-hi-ling canyon, Horse canyon, and a third which none of the wranglers could name. We would zig-zag down to the floor of the canyon, then climb the steep trail up the opposite wall—and as far as elevation is concerned would be just about where we started. There is no monotony on such a trail.

A mile and a half from the lodge we passed a slab of rock that marks the Utah boundary. Rainbow bridge is accessible only from Arizona, except for those who brave the Colorado's rapids and come downstream to the mouth of Bridge canyon in a boat. This is one place where you can cross a state boundary without having to prove that you are an American citizen and have no white mice in your luggage.

Two hours after leaving the lodge we had crossed the intervening canyons and reached the great talus slope that extends 2000 feet down to the floor of Cliff canyon.

From this point, what a panorama! If you can imagine the coloring of Bryce canyon combined with the sheer rugged majesty of Grand Canyon you have a picture that approaches the view from Rainbow trail high up on the side of Navajo



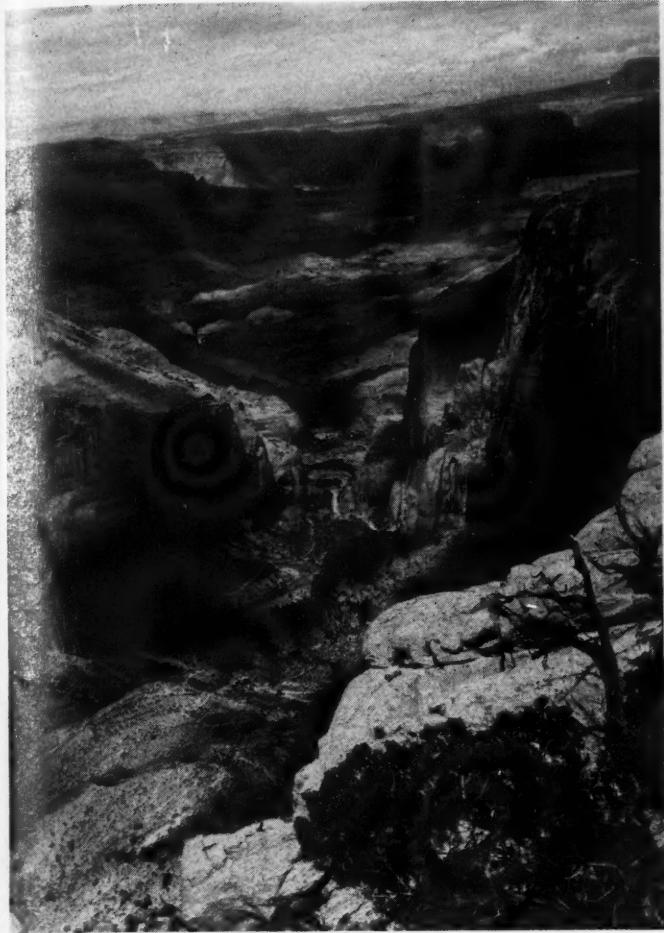
Some of the hikers climbed to the top of the bridge. The arch is reached by roping down from an adjacent dome. White arrow indicates one of the climbers on the 50-foot rope-down.

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From high upon the side of Navajo mountain looking down 2000 feet to the floor of Cliff canyon. The trail zig-zags down the mountain side and may be seen winding along the bottom of the canyon below.

mountain. It is a landscape of cliffs and turrets and canyons and domes as far as the eye can see—all daubed and streaked and splashed with the pastels of the painted desert.

When you have viewed from this point the vast jumble of sandstone erosions that lie between Navajo mountain and the Colorado river you will understand why the white man did not find Rainbow bridge until 1909. Also, you will understand why a bronze plaque has been placed on the canyon wall near the bridge honoring the Piute Indian boy Nasjah Begay who guided the first party through that wild labyrinth of stone to the place where the arch is located.

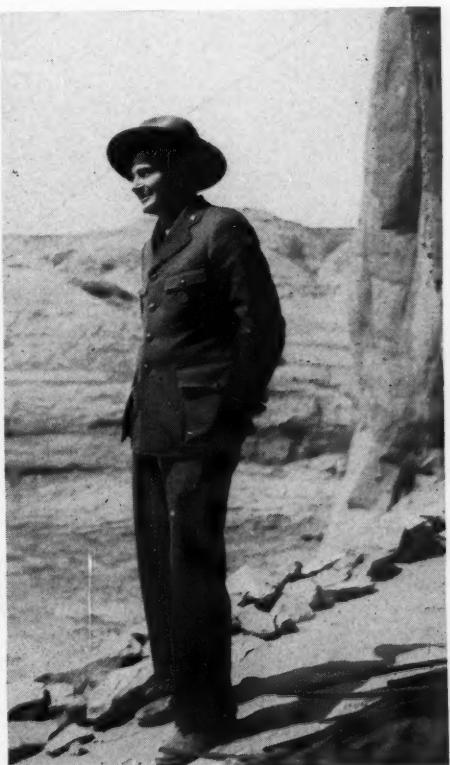
A slender white line is visible far down on the floor of Cliff canyon. That is our trail but it takes a lot of zigging and zagging to get down to it.

We found water seeping from the sands in the bottom of the gorge, the first opportunity we had had since leaving the lodge to replenish our canteens. It was

Jimmy Brewer, custodian of Inscript-
tion House ruins for the National
Park Service.



Over 3400 visitors have signed this register beneath the arch of Rainbow bridge, the first being Dr. Byron Cummings and John Wetherill, first white men to record their visit here in August 1909.



noon when we reached there and we ate our lunch beside the cool stream that runs between vertical sandstone walls.

During the morning trip our view was always down, to gorgeous scenery below. But for the rest of the day we traveled between high cliff walls, looking up on either side to fantastic forms fashioned by erosion and weather, and decorated with water-stain patterns of strange design.

Sometimes the stream would disappear in the sands, but farther below it would come to the surface again. Our trail wound back and forth across the creekbed. Flowers were just beginning to blossom. Wild onion and loco weed were most common. If you are not acquainted with these flowers, do not be prejudiced against them by their names. Loco weed has a lovely purple blossom—and you don't have to eat it. The little lavender flower of the onion is most fragrant.

This was my first acquaintance with wild onion, and I picked a couple of blossoms for their perfume. But that was a mistake. The broken stems also have a perfume of a different character—and it was hours before I got the odor of onions off my hands. Wild onion belongs

by the side of the trail where Nature put it.

When we had gone down Cliff canyon perhaps two miles we came to a little meadow — the junction where Redbud canyon enters Cliff canyon. There are two abandoned Navajo hogans here, and on a nearby rock wall are ancient inscriptions, evidently incised there before the Navajo invaded this region.

We left Cliff canyon at this point and followed the upstream course of the Redbud territory to our right. The season was early, but in a sheltered cove we saw three of the Redbud trees in blossom. If you will imagine a young apricot tree with crimson flowers you have an approximate picture of the Redbud. It is a lovely decoration for this grim-walled canyon.

The pass at the head of Redbud canyon is through a narrow crevice. There is a steep climb over a sandy hump, and then the trail drops down to a narrow passageway that leads out into Bridge canyon. From here the route follows the floor of the canyon downstream to the place where the giant arch spans the creek.

The canyon is so narrow and the walls so high we were in shade much of the time despite the fact that it was early afternoon.

Some distance upstream from Rainbow bridge the trail climbs out of the bottom of the gorge and contours around the sidewall to a little mesa where there is a spring, and here Bill Wilson has established a terminal camp for his pack trains. The bridge is less than a mile below.

Some of us decided to continue downstream along the floor of the canyon. This route is not passable to pack animals, but we had little difficulty scrambling over

the rocks and detouring the pools of water.

One of my companions suddenly exclaimed, "There it is!" I looked up and saw Rainbow bridge almost overhead. I had no idea it was so close. I can understand the thrill Dr. Cummings and John Wetherill felt when first they caught sight of that great arch. It is so big, so symmetrical, so colorful as to leave one gasping for words.

There's a magic tonic in that bridge. Seven hours on such a trail is a long hike for people who work in offices and classrooms and shops — and we were tired when we reached the arch. But there was little evidence of it. Before sundown the rocks and ledges around the bridge were swarming with Sierrans — signing the register, taking pictures, climbing difficult walls, exploring the possibilities of an ascent to the top of the arch.

Snow-capped Navajo peak in the background provided a striking backdrop for the photographers. It is a picture that could not be gotten later in the season.

We were to camp that night on a rocky bench above the bridge, near the Wilson camp. Bill Wilson, who had remained behind with the pack train, rode into camp about dusk with the report that the animals with our bedding and food would be very late.

To transport the huge load of dunnage for this record crowd of visitors, it was necessary to recruit extra animals from the Navajo. Those Indian ponies are never too well fed, and are temperamentally unfit for packing purposes. Probably for the same reason that a Navajo Indian would never make a good hod-carrier. They are creatures of the wild. But they

were the only stock available — so Bill made the best of it.

The mules came through on schedule — but the Indian ponies were still arriving at midnight, and some of the food and bedding never did reach this camp.

But Bill Wilson was equal to the emergency. There was a well-stocked commissary at the packer's camp in a nearby cove. Wilson built a blazing fire, rolled out three big dutch ovens and numerous cans of corn and beans and tomatoes — and by 10 o'clock that night was serving mulligan and biscuits to relay after relay of hungry Sierrans. Bill made the biscuits himself — and no wrangler ever did a better job. There was ample bedding in storage at the camp for those whose sleeping bags did not arrive.

For the Sierrans all this was a gay adventure. A huge campfire was built and while the hikers awaited their turn in the breadline they sang and told stories and planned the things they would do tomorrow.

Including the packers there were nearly 100 persons in camp. By midnight Skippers Bill Wilson and Andy Andrews had everyone fed and bedded down for the night.

Various excursions were planned for the second day at Rainbow. Ropes had been brought along and one group was to climb the arch of the bridge. Others, including Superintendent Frank A. Kittridge of Grand Canyon national park who had joined the hiking party at the lodge, wanted to walk the six miles down Bridge canyon to the Colorado river.

I joined the climbing party. Following the usual route, we went downstream a



It required many pack animals to carry bedrolls and grub to the night camp at Rainbow bridge for the 78 members of the Sierra party. The wranglers in the background are Navajo Indians.

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Katherine and Bill Wilson in front of their Rainbow lodge at the foot of Navajo mountain.

quarter of a mile below the bridge, then worked our way up a sandstone wall on the south side of the canyon. It was comparatively easy going until we reached a vertical pitch 20 feet high. Here shallow holes had been cut in the rock by previous climbers. The ascent was not especially difficult but a rope belayed from above was used by most of the party as a safety measure.

From that point it was an easy walk over smooth sandstone to the dome of the buttress which flanks the south end of the Rainbow arch. This dome is higher than the bridge, and separated from it by a narrow crevice. To reach the end of the bridge span it is necessary to go down an almost vertical 50-foot wall into the crevice.

In 1927 a group of climbers from the Plaindealer in Cleveland, Ohio, cut 30 toe and finger holes in the vertical wall and this is the route used by subsequent climbers to reach the top of the bridge. An iron belay pin has been drilled into the top of the dome for roping purposes.

The register on top of the bridge is a tin can weighted down with a couple of loose rocks. The procedure is to write your name on any slip of paper you happen to have in your possession and stuff it in the can. I judged there were 25 or 30 names on record, and our party added a dozen more.

It was nearly noon when we returned to the base—and there I had the unexpected pleasure of meeting Norman Nevills and a party of voyagers navigating the Colorado from Mexican Hat, Utah, to Lees ferry. They had camped at the mouth of Bridge canyon the previous night and walked the six miles up to the bridge. Other members of the party were Tommy and Evelyn Box and T. Allen, Jr., and Hazel and Lynn Lyman.

"I told them we would probably be the first visitors to register at Rainbow bridge this season," Norman confessed, "and when we arrived we found hikers on every rock and ledge."

Early in the afternoon we took the back trail toward the lodge. The return was to

be made in two stages. We hiked the seven miles back over Redbud pass and camped that night in the meadow where the old hogans were located, at the junction of Cliff and Redbud canyons.

By noon the following day the advance guard of the excursion party began arriving at Rainbow lodge. The others followed during the afternoon and that night Katherine Wilson served a bountiful dinner to the entire party. She even baked pies for the mob—such pies as one would hardly expect to find far off in that remote corner of the northern Arizona desert.

Yes, the Sierrans were tired that night. Twenty-eight miles of hiking over such terrain, plus many extra miles of climbing and detouring for a majority of the party, is a big assignment for folks whose normal routine seldom includes anything more strenuous than hoeing the flower garden or changing a tire on the automobile. But the memory of a trek to Rainbow bridge will bring a glow of satisfaction to those who were on the trip long after the sore muscles have been forgotten.



Mentzelia involucrata's common name is Stick-Leaf.

Flower with the Clinging Leaves

By MARY BEAL

ON a flower-collecting jaunt to Ord mountain in California's Mojave desert many years ago I found one specimen that intrigued me by its unusual aspect.

It was a harshly hairy plant of 6 or 7 inches, the white stems contrasting with the rather dull green leaves, highlighted by large straw-colored flowers whose luster rivaled the sheen of the finest satin, the five petals streaked with fine orange or crimson lines, the numerous stamens also touched with the color.

Below its flaring lanceolate lobes the calyx-tube was concealed by two broad white bracts, their green margins slashed into narrow acute teeth.

Stick-Leaf is a common name for it, or you may call it Samija if you favor folk-names. Its botanical label is *Mentzelia involucrata*.

Since that first discovery of Samija I have looked for other specimens, in Ord mountain and elsewhere, but it was not until many years later I found one lone flower, a rather runty one at that, near Chloride, Arizona. Even in its better known haunts in the Colorado desert it eluded me. If it had not been for the photograph I had taken of that Ord

mountain specimen I would have doubted my memory of finding it.

Then one fine day last spring came a small box of tagged flowers to be identified. Number one was my elusive *Mentzelia involucrata*! I could hardly wait until the next afternoon when the ranch boys took me to the Staudinger place 30 miles east of Daggett, from whence the flower box had come, my spirits buoyant with anticipation. There I learned the specimens had been found in the Bullion mountains—too far away to be visited that day.

Two days later I set forth again, with a guide who had spent several months in the Bullion mountains. We found *Mentzelia involucrata* in amazing luxuriance. One small winding canyon held treasure-trove beyond my most wishful dreams. Hobnobbing with the Samija were several other species of interest, among them Ghost flower (Mohavea) and Crimson Monkey flower.

It was unmistakably the *Mentzelias*' bailiwick. Even today I have a vivid memory of one gorgeous specimen that was truly the queen of the desert garden. Two feet high it stood and twice as broad, with dozens of branches forming a magnificent rounding bush, a mound of lustrous silken

blossoms. Surely the flowers were holding jubilee as well as I.

The height of the plant normally varies from 4 to 16 inches, the stems are brittle, the herbage clothed with stiff barbed hairs. The grey-green leaves are 1 to 6 inches long, linear to oblong-lanceolate, coarsely and irregularly toothed, all but the lower sessile. With characteristic *Mentzelia* habit they adhere to other plants or preferably your clothing, and cling tenaciously.

This "clinging-vine" propensity inspired the Spanish-California name Buena Mujer (Good Woman) applied to a sister *Mentzelia*. The interesting flowers are pale creamy or straw-color, the obovate orange-streaked petals from 1 to over 2 inches long. The numerous stamens graduate in length, the longer outer rows of filaments widened into glistening flat ribbons tipped by two lanceolate orange teeth, the anther set in the deep notch by a thread-like "pedicel." You'll find them in sandy and gravelly washes and benches in rocky canyons of the Colorado desert (where I frequently found them), the eastern Mojave desert, and western Arizona.

There are several other desert species of *Mentzelia*, the commoner ones as follows:

Mentzelia tricuspis.

A very hairy plant 2 to 8 inches high, the pale stout stems widely-branching near the base. The shallowly-toothed leaves are lanceolate to oblanceolate, $\frac{3}{4}$ to 2 inches long and petioled. The straw-colored flowers $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 inch long, the delicate petals sharply pointed, with fine rosy streaking at base. The two outer rows of the numerous stamens have dilated filaments with acutely-toothed apex. It frequents rocky hillsides and washes of the Colorado and Mojave deserts and Nevada.

Mentzelia albicaulis.

A variable small-flowered species very common in California desert areas, Arizona and eastward. With shining white stems branching from the base, a few inches to over a foot high. The rough lanceolate leaves are 1 to 4 inches long, divided into numerous, remote, narrow lobes, the upper leaves broader and often lobed only at base, or nearly entire. The flowers, in loose terminal clusters, are only a quarter inch or so across, with broad lemon-yellow petals, the stamens not dilated.

Mentzelia gravilenta is similar but has stouter greenish stems and larger flowers, the bright golden-yellow petals with orange bases.

Mentzelia gracilenta var. *nitens* (*Mentzelia nitens*) has very shiny, white or pinkish stems, and flowers about an inch across, the golden petals with reddish spots at base. It favors gravelly slopes and mesas in the Mojave desert, Owens valley, Nevada and Arizona.

Before railroads came to the Southwest the Colorado river was a main artery of transportation for mining and military operations in the desert region of Southern California and Arizona. Always a treacherous stream for boatmen, the piloting of the old paddle-wheelers used for passenger and freighting purposes called for skill, courage and ingenuity—and Captain Isaac Polhamus had a generous share of all these qualities. Here is the story of one of the best known and loved of all the old river captains.

Steamboat Captain on the Colorado

By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

*GRAND EXCURSION
up the Colorado River
to the Head of Navigation
Between the first and middle of June, 1894.—
Through the Wonderful Black Canyon and Devil's
Gate Canyon.
On the Steamer Mohave
Polhamus and Mellon, Owners
I. Polhamus, Master.*

This announcement appeared in a little folder distributed through the Southwest from Yuma to San Francisco in the spring of 1894. I have a copy of the folder on my desk, sent to me recently by Mrs. James Fleetwood Fulton, granddaughter of Captain Isaac Polhamus.

An excursion up the Colorado was an adventure in those days. And Capt. Polhamus was one of the most resourceful among the skippers who had learned to pilot the shallow-draught paddle-wheel boats which navigated the shoals and rapids of the fickle stream.

Even as early as 1894 the press agents were ballyhooing the resources and scenic beauty of the Colorado. Here is a paragraph taken from an excursion boat announcement:

"The foremost object of this excursion is to show the possibilities of mining and agriculture of the country through which it will extend. But it will have other attractions as well. With none of the hazardous hardships and privations of roughing it, in saddle or on foot, the trip will be through the heart of the most weird and awesome scenery on earth, nowhere else to be seen except in the abysmal chasms and gorges of the Colorado river . . . The trip is full of thrilling interest. At times the view will be unobstructed on either side for miles . . . Again the gritty little craft will be puffing and wheezing through narrow gorges with walls so high and abrupt as to almost obscure the light of day . . . In four places along the route the rapids are so heavy and fierce that, but for the aid of a sturdy shore line, they would be quite impassable. Ringbolts have



Captain Isaac Polhamus at home in Yuma with his granddaughter. Photograph courtesy Mrs. James Fleetwood Fulton.

been securely fastened into the walls of the canyon, and a cable suspended therefrom to a steam capstan in the bow of the boat is the tedious but certain means of locomotion." The round trip fare, as announced in the circular including meals and berth, was \$62.25 from San Francisco, and \$57.75 from San Diego.

Robust, erect, vigorous, and forthright, Captain Polhamus was one framed to command. He was of florid complexion, and always wore full whiskers—black in early life, white as his grandchildren first remembered him. On the deck of his steamboat he wore the usual garb and insignia of his station—duck trousers, white shirt, open at the throat, and white cap with the customary braid indicative of his rank as captain.

He was firm and decisive in all his ways; sometimes rough no doubt, but not unkindly—dominating rather than domineering.

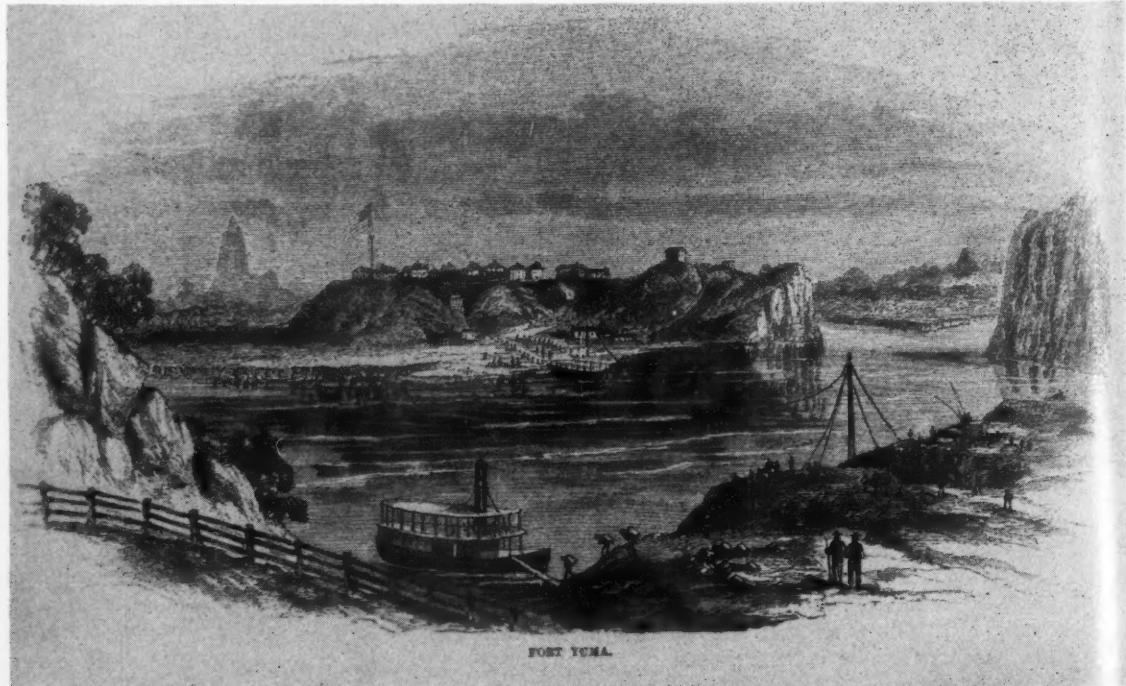
Isaac Polhamus first dropped anchor in Arizona in 1856. His occupation as entered on the membership roll of the Pioneers' Historical society was that of master mariner. For 66 years he lived in Yuma, and it was from Yuma at the age of 94 that he passed to his eternal haven.

He was born in New York city in 1828. The date of his



Grand Canyon at the mouth of Diamond creek. Reproduced from Lieut. Joseph C. Ives' "Report Upon the Colorado River of the West."

Fort Yuma in the early '60s. Reproduced from an etching in J. Ross Browne's "Adventures in the Apache Country."



death was January 16, 1922. As a boy he worked for his father on a Hudson river steamboat.

In 1846, with a crew of other adventurous spirits, Polhamus set sail for San Francisco in quest of gold. The voyage was by way of Cape Horn, and required 327 days. After reaching California he worked on the American river a few months at placer mining. When a flood carried away all the grub he and his party had brought with them, he returned to a river life, steamboating on the Sacramento. In the early 1850s sailing vessels began making regular trips between San Francisco and Port Isabel at the mouth of the Colorado river, touching at Cape San Lucas at the southern tip of the peninsula. At Port Isabel river steamers met the ships, and after an exchange of freight steamed up the river to Yuma, La Paz, and points still farther north. From Yuma, goods were distributed by pack trains or wagons to all parts of the Gadsden Purchase. Cargo landed at La Paz was hauled by wagon trains to Wickenburg, Prescott, and the mines and army camps near these towns.

Yuma was only a landing place when Polhamus went there in the employ of the Colorado Steam Navigation company. An adobe building 100 feet long and 25 feet deep divided into four rooms of equal size was the only house in the settlement. Two of the rooms were occupied by the navigation company as office and storeroom and the other two by George H. Hooper and company, Arizona's first merchant princes. The building was located where the Gondolfo hotel later stood. The chief engineer of the steamboat line for a number of years was David Neahr. Like Polhamus, he was a native of New York. About 1860, these two friends decided to visit the scenes of their boyhood along the Hudson. The journey was made by stage. At Pantano, Arizona, the travelers were held up by Apaches, and in Texas progress was delayed by a herd of buffalo. It took 15 days to reach St. Louis.

Many were the stirring stories told by Captain Polhamus about the experiences of himself and his river comrades—the forceful and picturesque men of the '50s, '60s and '70s. Indeed, he was more than a good story-teller. He was a reliable historian of the important events of his era in the Southwest.

The deck hands on the steamers at first were all Indians. Their pay was 50 cents a day. Not being able to count money, each native kept tally of the number of days he worked by tying knots in a string he wore around his neck. Each knot recorded a day's work. An Indian demanded as many half dollars as he had knots on his string. Only thus could he figure up

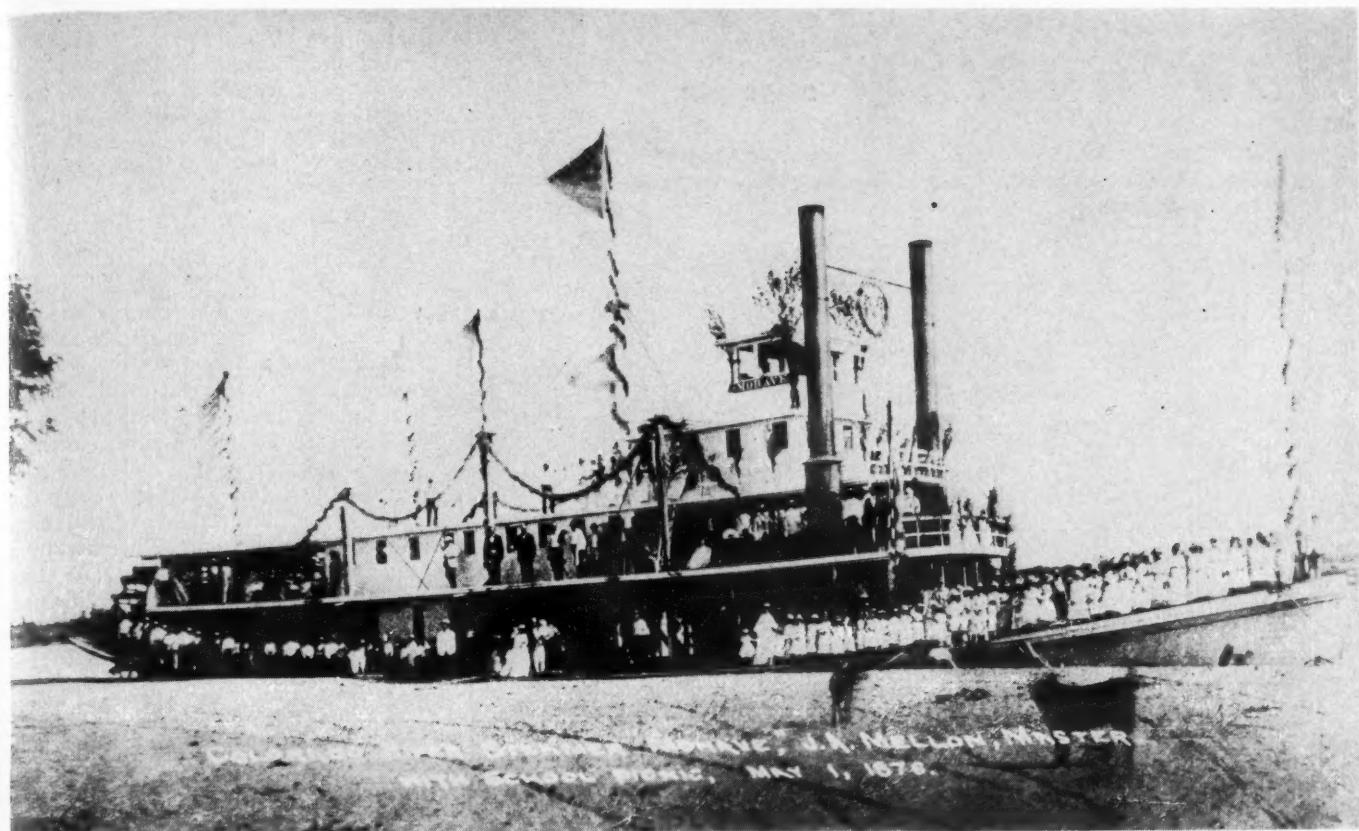
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Photograph taken May 1, 1876, when the Yuma schools observed May Day with a picnic
voyage up the Colorado in the "Mohave" with Capt. Polhamus at the helm.

the amount due him, and he demanded that a separate 50 cent piece be handed out for each knot, so Polhamus had to import that coin in large quantities.

Sometimes one of his deck hands would become unruly. It was not easy to find a way to punish unruly hands. He tried various methods without much success, and finally he found he could make a good Indian out of a bad one by picking him up and pitching him overboard and then pulling him back up on deck.

Father Paul Figueroa, Yuma's historian, asserts that Polhamus was the most experienced navigator on the Colorado. Among the captain's notable exploits was the running of the steamer *Gila* from Yuma to Needles and back, a distance of 250 miles, in 10 days, counting out time spent at Needles in unloading. He told how in one treacherous canyon below Fort Mohave he had to "let the steamer in stern foremost and that she went down it half way when she turned bow down and finally came out as she had entered," wrong end foremost.

His favorite steamer was the *Mohave*; and, on account of its good accommodations, passengers also preferred this vessel to any other.

Polhamus was easily able to make the run downstream from Fort Mohave to Yuma in one day. It was another matter when it came to going up stream. On one trip, in 1859, so swift was the current and so difficult the navigation, it took him 28 days to force this same steamer from Yuma to Fort Mohave. The fare on the *Mohave* from Yuma to Ehrenberg was \$30.00, including meals and berth. When the water was very low it required three days to make the trip up the river to Ehrenberg and five to Mohave. Polhamus said that on one voyage in very early days he ran into ice at Blythe, and that sometimes along the banks of the river he saw camels, lean, lonely survivors of the herd Beale had brought into Arizona in the 1850s.

La Paz was at one time the chief point on the river, but this distinction later passed to Ehrenberg, and finally to Yuma.

La Paz was situated on a flat three miles from Ehrenberg, and it was with great difficulty that a steamboat could be landed there. It was the first capital of Yuma county. Ehrenberg being on a bluff, steamboat-landing there was easy. By act of legislature the county seat was removed to Arizona City (now Yuma) in 1870. Upon Sheriff O. F. Townsend fell the duty of making the transfer, and he engaged Captain Polhamus to transport all the county officials, records, and documents in his steamer *Nina Tilden*. When the job was done, there was a celebration for the captain in Arizona City, and he was honored in many ways by his fellow citizens.

When the Southern Pacific railroad reached the Colorado in 1877, the navigation company went out of business. Not so Polhamus. Until 1904, at which time river traffic was brought to an end by the building of the government reclamation dam, he continued to run a line of steamers. Citizens of Yuma remember how for almost a generation after the coming of the railroad Polhamus carried merry May day picnic parties up the river on his boat as far as Picacho. His steamer was the last one to come down the river before the dam was built.

In 1865, Isaac Polhamus married Señorita Sacramento Sembrano, a daughter of the great Ferra family of California. Her people owned an extensive cattle ranch on the Colorado near La Paz. The captain found it almost as difficult to court this maid as he did to sail the uncertain Colorado river; for he knew no Spanish, and his sweetheart, "daughter of the Dons," could speak no English. So what they had to say to each other had to be spoken through an interpreter.

Even after vows were plighted, there were difficulties in the way. There was no priest or minister in the region. In order to secure a Father to solemnize the marriage rites, Captain Polhamus had to bring him across the desert from San Diego, and this required not only time but the hiring of a special stagecoach and the outlay of \$500.00 in cash.

Many children were born to them and nearly all their sons

Announcing . . .

A new policy that will enable all readers of Desert Magazine to obtain gold-embossed loose-leaf binders for their permanent files at a minimum cost.



Illustration of Desert Magazine's loose-leaf binder, bound in dark imitation Morocco leather, embossed with gold, has holders for 12 issues. Magazines are easily inserted or removed.

- **IN PAST YEARS** it has been the policy of this Magazine to send loose-leaf binders without extra cost to all renewing subscribers who paid the full subscription price of \$2.50 a year direct to the Desert Magazine office.
- Under this policy, new subscribers and those sending their renewals through agencies or clubs have had to pay \$1.00 extra for their binders.
- Since the actual cost of making a binder, boxing it and shipping it prepaid to a subscriber is 83 cents—and this figure is increasing steadily as the cost of materials advances—it has not been possible to supply these binders indiscriminately to all subscribers as gifts.
- In order to equalize this situation, and enable every subscriber, new or renewal, whether sent direct to the Desert Magazine office or through an agency or club, to receive yearly binders at a minimum of cost, the following schedule of prices will be effective after July 1, 1941:

SUBSCRIPTIONS WITH BINDERS

One year	\$3.00—includes 1 binder
Two years (or 2 subs. in same order)	5.00—includes 2 binders
Add for each additional year, or gift subscription with binder	\$2.00
These rates apply to both new and renewals and also agent's and club subscriptions.	

For subscribers who do not want binders, the subscription price remains at \$2.50 a year, with the following rates for longer periods and for gift subscriptions:

One year	\$2.50
Two years (or 2 subs. ordered at one time)	4.00
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THE **Desert**
MAGAZINE

636 State Street.

El Centro, California

95% of all Desert Magazine readers are preserving permanent files of their copies.

and daughters survived them. Among the children who are still living are: Mrs. S. F. Oswald and Thomas M. Polhamus, citizens of California; A. A. Polhamus, traveling passenger agent for the Canadian Pacific railroad; Mrs. Agnes Hodges, Mrs. T. T. Cull, James M., Jennie, Charles H., and Isaac Polhamus—all of Yuma, Arizona.

High honors were paid to Captain Polhamus in Yuma on his 88th birthday, April 27, 1916. At that time he was not only the oldest man belonging to an Elks lodge in the state of Arizona, but was also one of the very few survivors of pre-territorial days in Arizona. That morning he rose early, breakfasted heartily, without the aid of glasses wrote a letter to a relative, and then with vigorous step, he walked to the Elks' clubhouse there to receive greetings throughout the day from friends who came to congratulate him upon his good health and the leading part he had played in the building up of Yuma and the surrounding region during a period of 60 years.

More notable, were the evidences of respect and affection accorded this grand old pioneer at the time of his death in January, 1922. The Elks held a special memorial service for their veteran member the Tuesday evening following his death. The Indians gave even more touching evidence of devotion and sense of loss. Long had they looked up to him and trusted him; and now, to be near their friend and pay him their last respects, they filled the yard of his home, lined the retaining wall, and even overflowed into a neighboring lot across the street. A big bonfire was lighted on this vacant lot to keep them warm. Some of these Indian mourners remained there the two nights and the day that intervened—relatives bringing them their food. Their grief and sense of loss was genuine. At times they gave voice to soft, almost inaudible chanting. A requiem mass was sung in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and then the body was carried to the Yuma cemetery for its final rest.

Captain Polhamus was proud of his family and he loved his home. His wife, children, and grandchildren all idolized him. The appraisal of him given to me by one of his grandchildren seems to me as correct as it is tender and considerate.

"Grandfather was rigid in character, firm, and his voice was deep, resounding. When he had something to say, it was said briefly, it was well worded and to the point, and always carried weight. He had the respect of all. Despite the outward appearance of being very stern, and he was stern when the need of it arose, I found him one of the kindest, most lovable and understanding hearts I have ever known, and I considered him the best companion a child could have."

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Harrisburg, once a flourishing little gold-spot town in the rich Harqua Hala mining district about half way between Phoenix, Arizona and the California state line, is just another one of those little phantom ghost towns of the past. Every board—every bit of scrap iron has long since been hauled away from the old townsite. Broken bottles and heaps of rusted tin cans tell a mute story of the rip-roarin' days when the \$30,000,000 Harqua Hala gold strike was in full swing. Symbolic of the old pioneer spirit of the West, an old buckboard, its wheels half buried in a quarter of a century's accumulation of sand and mesquite-bean debris, slowly crumbles away in a sand-drift bed. Tacked upon one end of its lop-sided spring seat, a rusty tin license plate with the inscription "I 43 VOID AFTER APRIL 1, 1913" speaks eloquently—as a voice drifting up out of the forgotten past. In this historic spot Fred Neff lives with his goats—at peace with himself and the world.

Desert Trail to Contentment

By LOIS ELDER STEINER
Photographs by Russ Clark

FRED NEFF is a desert rat. Many years ago he followed the trails in quest of the gold bonanza that was just over the hill. But the gold trail led only to trouble. Now Fred has found another desert trail—one that leads to a little desert shack where there is contentment.

I first heard about this old man of the desert—this Bret Harte character from the wild woolly past, when I moved to Salome, Arizona, many years ago. He was nearly 70 years old, and lived on his goat ranch at Harrisburg, 7½ miles southeast of Salome.

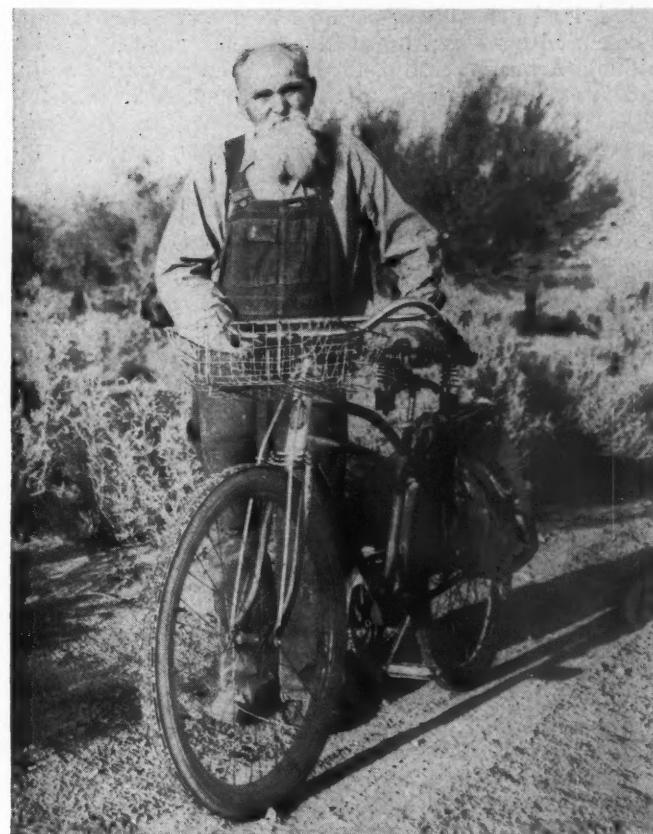
One evening I drove out to make Fred's acquaintance. As I rounded a low hill I came upon his humble abode—a lonely little unpainted house, hunched under a large sprawling mesquite tree. A few hundred feet beyond—sleeping quietly in the late afternoon desert sunshine—lay the dusty old Harrisburg cemetery.

A covey of wild quail scooted softly into the deepening shadows at the edge of the clearing as I brought the car to a stop. In hushed expectancy I waited for the old man to appear; but no living sound greeted me. A profound silence settled down over everything.

But presently the stillness was broken by the faint tinkling of a bell; and following the sound with my eyes I spied a herd of goats moving slowly over the low desert hills. Tramping along behind, almost completely enveloped in the rising dust was the figure of a man.

As they swung down the last low hill and into the wire enclosure, I had my first glimpse of Fred Neff—bareheaded, bareshouldered, barelegged. He was wearing a pair of patched faded-blue overalls, torn off half way to the knee; and tied securely on his weather-toughened feet, was a pair of sandals made from old auto tires.

What a picture he made! To me, at that time, he seemed as old and as grey as the desert; standing there in the midst of



In recent years Fred Neff went modern and bought himself a bicycle.

his flock, staff in hand—a dusty silhouette against the flamboyant colors of the sunset sky.

He came pattering up to the car, his genial face beaming with welcome.

Proudly he escorted me over his estate. Humbly he knelt before some baby kids and tenderly lifted them for my inspection.

"I'm richer than John D. Rockefeller," he boasted jokingly, his bright blue eyes lighting up with desert sunshine—the only way to describe the perpetual twinkle. Then with a chuckle he added "John D. had three doors to his mansion—I've got twenty-four."

At first I saw only one, but suddenly it dawned upon me that his whole house was made of doors, standing in a row—one after the other.

Shepherds of old led their flocks into green pastures; made them lie down beside cool water. Fred Neff leads his over low sand dune hills, up and down cacti covered knolls, along mesquite-lined dry washes, to browse among greasewood and gorge themselves on dry mesquite beans. And they thrive! So does Fred Neff. But he has not always done so . . .

Seventeen years ago, a wanderer without home or family ties, he boarded a westbound train in New York City and came west. He was looking for a spot he could call home and after searching through parts of California and Arizona his quest ended beside this old desert dry wash, richly lined with mesquite, catsclaw and paloverde.

There was gold in the nearby hills. He learned all about prospecting. He found what he thought were rich deposits of ore. But he had no money with which to develop his claims. One day a stranger appeared in the neighborhood and hired him to go prospecting with him, offering to grubstake him and pay him four dollars per day in return for his services. Fred led him to all his choice locations. At the end of four months, after having gleaned all the information possible, he

kicked Fred out without paying him a cent. Told him he didn't need him—that he could get a Mexican to work for nothing. A quarrel ensued. Fred admits he picked up a rock and threw it at the man, knocking him out. A law suit followed. Each of them was released under bond for two years, at the end of which time his double-crossing partner disappeared from the country.

For nearly two years after that, Fred and his faithful old dog went 50-50 on barbecued jackrabbit.

"They were pretty tough!" he relates, always adding with a good-humored laugh, "the times, I mean—not the jackrabbits."

They had no money with which to buy bread, no gun or ammunition. They used teamwork. The dog was trained to run the rabbits into a long iron pipe where they were trapped.

After he had lived in the state of Arizona the allotted number of years he was granted a small pension. By sticking to the jackrabbit diet, washing and rewashing his old overalls, putting new patches over the old ones, he was able to buy a few goats. His diet changed to one of goat meat and goat milk.

The goats increased in number but not the price of goat meat. It was hard to find a market, or to convince people goat milk was a food fit for the gods. Times were tough for other homesteaders as well as for Fred Neff. In his big-hearted generosity he gave away more than he sold.

At present he owns about 50 goats, and has added eggs to his diet. One of the first things he did with his meager wealth, was to lay in a supply of clothing; a pair of real shoes, a hat and shirt. These, he used when he went visiting. On his rare excursions into Salome, he trudged along the dusty desert road, a rather pathetic figure, his back bent under the weight of a bag of produce or fresh supplies.

The intervening years have not been easy ones for Fred . . . lonely, perhaps. But they have led him, step by step, by way of his beloved desert, into pleasant green pastures . . . Green pastures of peace and quiet contentment. On the sandy brink of a desert dry wash he has found a bubbling spring of joy in work that he loves.

The fact that goat ranching is not a paying business does not worry him. For his is a simple life. In the summertime his sturdy shoulders are bare except for the straps of his bib overalls.

"At sheep shearing time early in the spring," he volunteer-

ed without apology, "I always shed my shirt. By the time hot weather comes on I am used to the heat." He glanced down with pride at his brown arms and added, "The sun is my doctor."

That, and his daily diet of goat milk.

"Of course," he acknowledges "it won't keep fresh as long as cow's milk, but when I come in from the hills and it's sweet, I have sweet milk; and when I come in and it's sour—I have buttermilk."

Being a woman and a bit curious I could not resist the temptation of "peeking" into his kitchen. On the table was a pan of fluffy brown home-made biscuits.

He showed me his collection of stuffed rattlesnakes. Some of them were coiled ready to strike and some were stretched out full length. His pride and joy was a big fat one over five feet long.

I asked him how many he had killed during the 17 years he had lived on the desert and after figuring a moment he answered solemnly, "Between four and five hundred."

He showed me his snake-bite kit—two, discarded 12-gauge shotgun shells fitted together, one over the other and filled with permanganate of potash. With this compact outfit he carried a pop-bottle cap in which the powder was to be mixed, and—in cases of emergency—moistened with saliva. In all the years he had been carrying the kit he had never had occasion to use it.

Two fierce-looking dogs brought the goats in from the hills before we left. Fred explained that the dogs didn't bring the goats in—the goats brought the dogs in. The dogs are trained to guard the sheep and stay with them from the time they leave for the hills in the early morning till they return at night. In the evening the goats wander aimlessly home—the dogs follow along behind—thus giving the appearance of being driven.

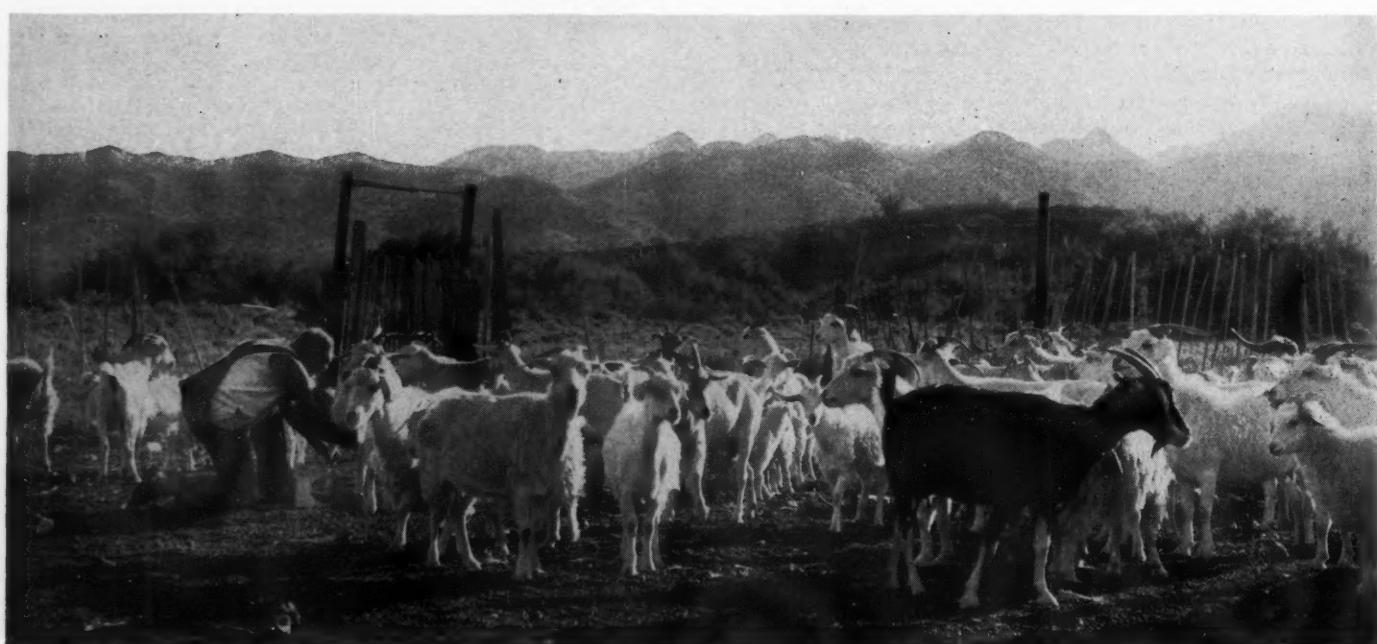
The dogs are trustworthy. No living thing is ever allowed to molest or come near their charges. Fred wisely refrains from showing too much friendliness toward either the goats or the dogs; consequently, they are wild and easily disturbed.

I learned many interesting facts about the life of a goat and its habits.

"Do they really eat tin cans as we've always heard?" I asked in fun.

"Yes, they really do," he answered seriously. "I've seen

Milking time at the Neff ranch.



them chew for hours on tin cans," and then added, "but one day I noticed they always picked the ones with wrappers on. They like the taste of the paste used on the wrappers."

"But what about all the other articles they are said to devour," I persisted.

"Goats will eat anything," he stated patiently. "Even bones. One morning I turned the goats out for the day and noticed the mother goats all running in the same direction. I followed them over the hills until they stopped by an old, dried-up carcass of a cow. Those mother goats chewed on those bones for days. I figured it was nature's way of supplying calcium for the unborn baby kids."

He manufactures his own brand of sheep dip—a concoction brewed from the leaves of the common creosote bush.

Once each year the goats are sheared. But last year the price of wool was low and he left it on their backs. In his recipe for happiness money is not an essential. If the price isn't just right he stores the wool until some urgent need arises and then sells the amount needed. One time it came handy to clear up the title to his homestead.

His rams are exchanged every two years but not from fear of inbreeding. This procedure becomes necessary, because at the end of that time they have grown too strong to be handled easily by one man at shearing time, and their long horns add to the danger.

Another thing that interested me was his Mexican sandals, which, he said, gave wings to the feet. He explained how he first learned about them.

"One day I saw a Mexican walking through the brush near my place, and being curious to know what he was up to I tried to overtake him. When he saw me coming toward him he lit out on the run; but the faster I ran the faster he ran. I was considered a pretty good runner myself but I had to take my hat off to that Mexican. How he did hit it off! I was determined to find out what he had on his feet to make him run like that. At last he slowed up, exhausted, and in due time I came panting up to him. As soon as I could get my breath I told him all I wanted to know was what kind of shoes he was wearing. He told me and I went out and found an old automobile tire, whittled off two pieces the length of my feet, tied them on with leather thongs, and I have been wearing those sandals off and on ever since. The rubber-tired material is springy and I can tramp over the hills all day without tiring my feet."

Neff's hobby is composing the words to songs and singing them to his flock as he wanders with them over desert trails or rests in the shade of mesquite or paloverde. Standing beside his little desert mansion—purple-tinted hills stretching away in the distance—as a special

DESERT QUIZ

For those eager-minded folks who like to check up on themselves occasionally, just to see how much they really know, Desert Magazine presents another of its Desert Quiz tests. The questions cover many fields of interest—geography, history, botany, mineralogy, Indian tribes, and the general lore of the desert country. The average person will not get more than 10 correct answers. A real desert rat will score 15. Not more than one in a thousand among the people in the Southwest will answer more than 15 correctly. The answers are on page 46.

- 1—Desert mirages are seen only in summertime. True..... False.....
- 2—The state flower of Arizona is the Saguaro. True..... False.....
- 3—Most warlike Indians encountered by the early day padres in Arizona were the Pimas. True..... False.....
- 4—Fruit of the desert squaw bush is poisonous. True..... False.....
- 5—Rainbow Bridge national monument is in Arizona. True..... False.....
- 6—Blossom plumes of the salt cedar or native tamarisk shrub are yellow. True..... False.....
- 7—A gopher snake will coil and strike like a rattler. True..... False.....
- 8—Hopi tribesmen who help the Snake clan put on the annual snake dances belong to the Wolf clan. True..... False.....
- 9—Desert lily is a perennial that grows from a bulb. True..... False.....
- 10—Corundum is harder than diamond. True..... False.....
- 11—Smoke tree blossoms earlier in the season than palo verde. True..... False.....
- 12—There are 36 sections of land in a township. True..... False.....
- 13—New Mexico was the 48th state admitted to the union. True..... False.....
- 14—Mormon colonization of Utah was started before gold was discovered in California. True..... False.....
- 15—Gila Cliff dwellings national monument is in New Mexico. True..... False.....
- 16—The Saguaro cactus is found growing in its native state in California. True..... False.....
- 17—Boulder dam is the highest dam in the world. True..... False.....
- 18—Death Valley was given its name by Death Valley Scotty. True..... False.....
- 19—Traveling from Needles, California, to Las Vegas, Nevada, by the most direct highway route you would pass through Searchlight. True..... False.....
- 20—Tallest mountain peak to be seen from anywhere on the California desert is San Gorgonio. True..... False.....

favor, he sang them. All the radiance—all the glory of a desert sunset was reflected there in the depths of his shining old eyes.

I asked him to pose for a picture. I wanted the camera to catch the twinkle in those eyes.

"You know," he confided—at the same time unconsciously giving us a perfect demonstration, "people wonder why I keep my beard on—I haven't a pretty mouth and my teeth aren't so good -- so I cover them up and smile with my whole face."

In recent years, to the amusement and delight of all who know him, he has gone "modern."

Seventy-three-year-old Fred Neff now rides a bicycle! Three times each week he makes the 15 mile trip to and from Salome over the same old, sand-drift road. And he makes his own "never leak" for his bicycle tires from resin, which he gathers from the mesquite trees.

One bright Arizona-winter's morning,

about three years ago, for the first time Fred appeared on Salome's one Main street, nonchalantly riding a shiny new balloon-tired bicycle. Exertion and the chill air had made his cheeks as red as two apples. Santa Claus had really come to town! His genial face actually beamed behind his long white beard.

Before starting back on his homeward journey he stopped at the garage to check the air in his tires. As he knelt there upon the ground fussing with the air-gauge he kept chuckling to himself and finally looked up.

"Me heap lazy," he misquoted. "Me sit down to walk!"

And we who stood by joyously gloating with him over his new treasure, looked down into his twinkling eyes, and glimpsed there, deep down inside of an old man, the soul of a little boy who would never grow up.

Contentment—health—peace of mind—the luxury of solitude—friends—neighbors! Fred Neff is indeed a rich man.



Photograph courtesy *The Wigwam, Litchfield Park, Arizona.*

DESERT MOOD

BY HUNTINGTON MACK
Globe, Arizona

The desert takes me to her heart today
And smiling, shares her secret wealth with
me—
The misty lavender of ironwood,
The yellow gold of palo verde tree,
All interspersed with other myriad blooms
And blended in a symphony of scent
And color. High above in trackless blue
The soaring buzzard, scout and scavenger,
On rigid pinion wheels and turns. Below
His fragile shadow passes and is gone.

Of greasewood green and waxy cactus bloom
She weaves a flowing, many colored veil
To fling across the luckless traveler's bones
That bleaching lie beside his thirsty trail.
Small gentle breezes wander aimlessly
And whisper in my ear. The distant hills
With purple shadows seem so very near
And neighborly. An old Saguaro waves
A gnarled arm in welcome—I have come
To love her, though I know her pitiless.

QUIEN SABE!

BY MARY LEOLA BOYD
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Where now a campfire's ruddy coals
Send fragrant smoke into the blue,
And where the prairie rangeland rolls
To parched plateaus of reddish hue,
Loud factories may some day raise
Tall smokestacks to a sooty sky;
And where the sheep and cattle graze,
And ravenous gaunt-winged buzzards fly,
A modern race may build and scheme.
But while the lazy Pecos flows,
And winds blow free, and cowhands dream,
This seems eternal—but who knows?

Artistry of God

BY B. L. STRUNK
Pasadena, California

Did you ever see the desert
When the sun was goin' down,
Just you and God out there alone
Far away from any town?
When clouds had turned to red and gold,
And pink, and green, and blue,
And you felt that God was showin'
Heaven's beauties just for you?

Did you ever see the desert
When the flowers were all ablaze
Like a Persian rug's rare patterns
Spread across God's livin' room?
Where the poppies made it golden
And the lupine made it blue,
All the colors of the rainbow
Intermingled through and through?

Did you ever see the desert
On a cloudless summer night,
The stars, just up above you,
Glowin' with a brilliant light?
Didn't you feel rather puny,
Just a common earthly clod,
When you viewed the gorgeous splendor
In the artistry of God?

CREED OF THE DESERT

BY JUNE LE MERT PAXTON
Yucca Valley, California

A sound breaks through the stillness,
As dusk fades into dark,
A sound that's part of desert life:
A coyote's lonely bark.

DESERT SECRETS

BY MILDRED McEWEN
San Jose, California

O desert lands that mock man's hope and dream
To conquer drouth with earnest sweat and
toil;
You scorn his futile efforts to redeem
His trust in your fertility of soil.
But man will ever strive to learn of you
The secrets that you carry in your heart
And ponder his ambitious hope anew—
Your destiny that cannot live apart.

For he who has been desert born well knows
The endless challenge of unconquered space;
The promise of the future told to those
Whose fortitude no hardship can efface.
Your solitude will ever make him free;
Your vastness link him with eternity.

FORGOTTEN

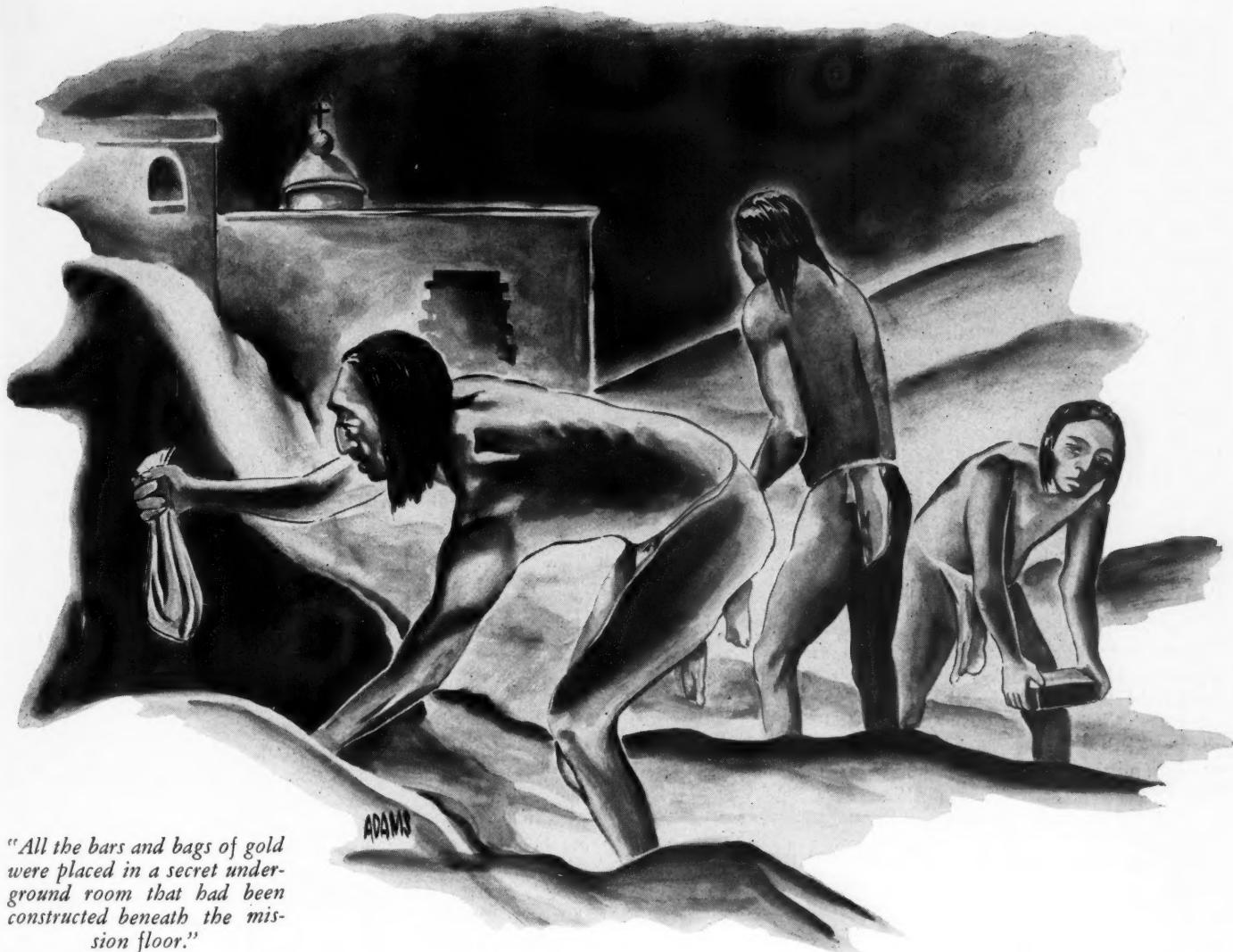
BY IDA CROCKER DUNCAN
Denver, Colorado

The miner's shack, now tumbled down,
These lonesome things, too deep for tears;
Illusion's ghosts in desert town,
Where men went mad from golden fears,
Poor, little homes, forgotten, too.
If dreams could only have come true!

THE COTTONWOOD

BY GLADYS I. HAMILTON
Mancos, Colorado

There were plumes abursting their jackets of
gold
And the banners of spring began showing;
Then waxen shells dropped as they lost their
last hold . . .
Oh, I heard that old cottonwood growing.



"All the bars and bags of gold were placed in a secret underground room that had been constructed beneath the mission floor."

Lost Gold of Sonoyta

History does not bear out many of the statements in this lost treasure story. Fact or fiction, however, it is one of the tales quoted from old Indians in the Papago region of southern Arizona, and the details as presented here by John D. Mitchell are the generally accepted version of the legend.

By JOHN D. MITCHELL

FROM a high pass in the Agua Dulce mountains Padre Miguel Diaz and his Indian guides looked down upon the green vale of the Sonoya. From the foot of a mountain gushed a crystal stream that flowed for many miles across the plain before sinking into the parched desert sands. Deer and antelope grazed on the grassy plains or rested in the shade of the trees that grew along the banks of the stream. Perched high on top of the Ajo mountains to the east Montezuma peak stood silent guard over the upland plains.

So favorably impressed was Padre Diaz with the beautiful valley that he at once

decided to build a mission there. After spending the night at Sonoya the little party hurried back across the desert to St. Georges bay where the clipper ship in which the padre had sailed from Spain, rode at anchor. Supplies were unloaded on the beach and then packed on the backs of Indians to Sonoya. When all was in readiness many Papago Indians were employed to make the adobes and dig the trenches for the rock foundation of the church. The Papagos living in the vicinity were anxious to do the work. Day by day and week by week the walls grew higher and then after many months of hard work the church stood completed. Adjacent to the church in the center of a hollow square they erected a residence for

the padre, containing spacious and airy rooms, with every evidence of comfort and refinement, while surrounding this was an arched cloister, forming a shady walk around the whole enclosure. Still farther to the east was the garden, enclosing about five acres. All the buildings were surrounded by a high wall for protection against the Apaches. Farther south and fronting the mission was laid out a large square plaza which was surrounded by peon houses, thus forming a very orderly village.

The large church and all the buildings were painted white and presented a beautiful sight when viewed from the surrounding hills. The Papagos in all their lives had never seen anything like it. An acequia brought water from the river for the bathing place and the washing vats. When all this had been completed the garden was planted with seeds that the padre had brought from Spain. The Indians were already growing watermelons, squashes, chili peppers, corn and beans on their little farms along the river bank.

Horses and mules and some cattle were brought in from the older missions and rancherias along the Santa Cruz and San

Pedro rivers. Prospecting parties were sent out and discovered rich quartz veins and deposits of placer gold in the San Francisco mountains only a few leagues south of the village. An adobe smelter was built near the church and many men were then put to work washing the gravel and mining the rich quartz deposits. As fast as the ore was brought in it was smelted into gold bars. The nuggets and dust from the placer operations was put in strong buckskin bags. All the bars and bags were then placed in a secret underground room that had been constructed beneath the mission floor.

The years passed and the padre prospered greatly from his ranching and mining operations. Once each year a pack-train was sent to Mexico City, bearing one-fifth of all the gold that had been produced from the mines. This belonged to the king of Spain and was called the royal fifth. The padre now growing old and large of girth spent most of his time in the cool shade of his vines reading his breviary, or strolling in his garden.

Every year four of the prettiest Papago girls were chosen to look after the padre's household. Some cooked and others waited on the table and looked after the rooms. Older women looked after the garden and the fruit trees and grape vines that grew in great profusion in the rich soil. Pomegranates, peaches, figs and many other kinds of fruit ripened in the warm sunshine of the little valley.

The padre's tyranny grew year by year and the Indians complained of the long hours they were compelled to work in the mines and fields and the women spent most of their time at the metates grinding the corn and wheat to make tortillas for the hungry miners and farmers. The Papagos were a peace-loving people but when oppressed they were as fierce as the Apaches. So while the padre spread the gospel of Christ and collected gold the Indians secretly planned a revolution that would free them from the white man's oppression and religion. These neophytes loved the beautiful mission which nestled like a jewel in the green valley surrounded on all sides by high mountains, but the old padre laid a heavy hand on them and they were unable to endure it longer.

It was on a bright spring morning in the year 1750 when the sweet toned bells on the mission rang out over the little valley and the upland plains calling the neophytes to early morning prayer. The sun was just tinting the eastern horizon and the air was sweet with the perfume from peach blossoms, when small groups of Indian men could be seen coming across the valley toward the church. Although it was a warm morning, all the Indians wore long blankets over their shoulders. The Indian women did not come to church that morning.

When the church was full of warriors,

the chief and all the head men drew large tomahawks from under their blankets and attacked Padre Diaz and the two visiting priests from Altar mission who happened to be spending a few days at Sonoya. The bodies of the three dead priests were thrown into the underground room with the gold and the walls and roof of the church were torn down. This massacre at Sonoya started the uprising in which the missionaries at Caborca were killed and Bac and Guevavi were plundered and abandoned.

The entrance to the rich gold mine which was known as the Santa Lucia, was covered over with large logs and earth and to this day has never been found. Old "Doctor Juan" a Papago Indian who died some years ago at the age of 128 years, confessed on his deathbed at Quitavacita, that when just a small boy he was in the habit of playing around the ruins of the Sonoya mission and one day just after a very hard rain he observed what at first seemed to be a slab of cement with a ring in it. Removing the dirt around the edges he gave it a tug and found that it covered a stairway leading down to an underground room. Entering this he found in one corner a large stack of gold bars and on top of the bars were a large number of old buckskin sacks filled with nuggets of placer gold. Some of the sacks had rotted allowing the contents to trickle down and form in piles on the stone floor of the little room. Upon seeing the three grinning skulls and piles of human bones in the other end of the room he became frightened and rushed out and replaced the slab of cement over the entrance and for more than a hundred years kept the secret from Indian and white man alike. In damp

rainy weather strange lights flicker around the ancient ruins and the Papagos refuse to go near it. Indians and many old Mexicans believe that wherever these ghostly white shimmering lights appear treasure is sure to be found.

Some years ago a party of Papagos were caught in a heavy rainstorm while out gathering fruit from the giant Saguaro cactus and were forced to take shelter near the old mission. As the Indians huddled together in the dark for protection against the raging elements, the weird light appeared within the fallen walls. The women and old men refused to go near it and cautioned the younger men about doing so. However, one young Indian who had been away to school laughed at the idea of a ghost being able to hurt any one. Despite the warning he sharpened a stick and hurried over to drive it in the spot where the weird shimmering light was rising and falling. After driving the stake in the ground he rose to go but something held him fast and he could not move. He fainted from fright and it took the combined strength of two husky companions to rescue him.

The Papago medicine man tried for two days to drive away the spook that would harm one of their young men, before it was finally discovered that in driving the stake to mark the spot, the young buck had driven it through the lower end of one of his pants legs pinning himself firmly to the ground. Anyway the Papagos have never ventured back there. The big pile of gold bars is still there and the nuggets and dust in the rotted buckskin sacks are still trickling down and forming piles of placer gold on the cobblestone floor of the little underground room beneath the floor of the old mission at Sonoya.

Prizes to Amateur Photographers

Each month the Desert Magazine offers two cash prizes for the best camera pictures submitted by amateur photographers. The first award is \$5.00 and the second \$3.00.

Pictures are limited to desert subjects, but there is no restriction as to the residence of the photographer. Entries may include Indian pictures, rock formations, flowers and wild animals, canyons, trees, waterholes — in fact everything that belongs to the desert country.

Following are the rules governing the photographic contest:

1—Pictures submitted in the June contest must be received at the Desert Magazine office by June 20.

2—Not more than four prints may be submitted by one person in one month.

3—Winners will be required to furnish either good glossy enlargements or the original negatives if requested.

4—Prints must be in black and white, 3 1/4 x 5 1/2 or larger, and must be on glossy paper.

Pictures will be returned only when stamped envelopes or photo-mailers are enclosed.

For non-prize-winning pictures accepted for publication \$1.00 will be paid for each print.

Winners of the June contest will be announced and the pictures published in the August number of the magazine. Address all entries to:

Contest Editor, Desert Magazine, El Centro, California.

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Nodules of pink opal from the cliffs described by John Hilton this month.

This month John Hilton takes the rock collectors along a rocky trail into the Muddy hills of Nevada where specimens of pink opal and agate are found. This is not the fire opal found in other parts of Nevada, but is good cutting material. One of the routes to this field is through the scenic Valley of Fire where Nature spent several million years building a rock garden that is a marvel to all who come this way.

We Found Pink Opal in Nevada's Black Cliffs

By JOHN W. HILTON

"IF you really want information about the Valley of Fire and the desert region around Overton, Nevada, you'd better get acquainted with the Perkins brothers."

This suggestion came from Superintendent Guy D. Edwards of the Boulder dam recreational area. I had called at his office in Boulder City to inquire about mineral deposits outside the boundaries of the park over which he has jurisdiction.

"The Perkins family have lived most of their lives in the Moapa valley," he said, "and their interest in the Nature lore of that region has been a great help both to science and to travelers."

I had heard of the Perkins family before. In fact, I recalled that one of the brothers had written an interesting story several months ago for Desert Magazine about a renegade Pahute Indian who had been killed by a posse after terrorizing that region for several years.

We took the route through the Valley of Fire and just before reaching Overton, stopped at the Lost City museum where Perry Convis is on duty as custodian for the state of Nevada. A fine collection of

Indian artifacts taken from the ruins of the prehistoric Lost City of the Indians, before it was submerged by Lake Mead, is on exhibit here. Convis told me that George Perkins was the man to show me gem and mineral deposits in that area.

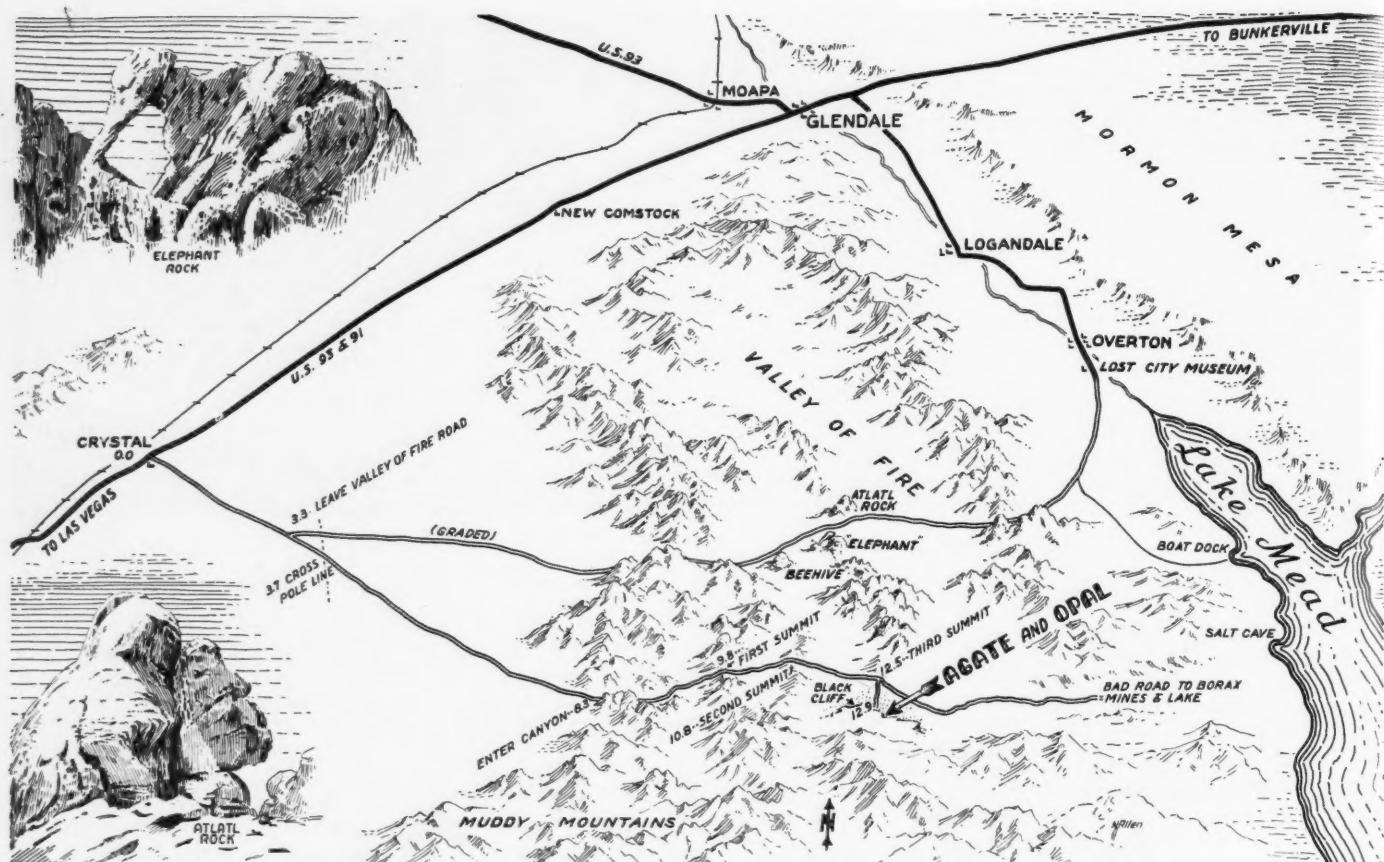
I found George at his home in Overton and we sat on his veranda and discussed possible field trips in the surrounding desert region for Desert Magazine rock collectors. Rough gem stone material and Indian relics were much in evidence around the Perkins home and as we talked, George brought forth boxes and drawers of stones he had collected. It was evident at once that I was talking with a man who knew his minerals.

He told me about mine dumps where copper and gold specimens were to be found, and numerous fields where he had gathered a wide variety of other specimens. In fact, he knew so many good collecting areas it was quite confusing at first. We discussed them one by one, eliminating a majority of them because of their inaccessibility.

Finally it was decided that we should visit a deposit of pink agate and opal

where he said an abundance of material was to be found. An added inducement for this trip was that it included a circle drive through the Valley of Fire, one of the most interesting scenic areas in Nevada.

Next morning we were off for an early start. We followed the paved road out of Overton to Highway 91 near Glendale, then southwesterly to the little junction point of Crystal. Here we took the gravel road that leads to the Valley of Fire, but after following it a few miles forked off to the right on a little-traveled road that led toward the Muddy mountains. Eventually the trail entered a canyon. The going became rougher as we threaded our way along the rocky floor of the arroyo or crossed exposed bedrock. While it is very rough, it is not impassable to the careful driver, and as we continued along the way we felt amply repaid for the jolts we were getting. Near the first summit we came to cross-bedded sandstones of tan and white, eroded into fantastic forms. As we continued toward the second summit the sandstone took on a brighter hue with pink and red bands in white and tan



masses, giving the landscape an unreal effect.

Spring flowers were in blossom and their brilliance added to that of the rocks gave the area a color effect beyond description. If such a thing were possible, it seemed we would grow weary of too much color. Finally we rounded a bend and we could see ahead where the sandstone beds were capped by deep igneous flows of dark rock in sharp contrast with the light hues of the monuments and domes around us. It seemed a pity that this colorful area could not have been included in the Valley of Fire state park.

When we reached the third summit George told me to turn off the trail to the right. I could see a pair of wheel tracks following the crest of a narrow ridge, and as I followed this rather precarious trail I hoped there would be a place to turn the car around when we came to the end of it.

However, our side-trip was short and led directly to the base of a dark cliff where there was ample parking space. Above we could see a band of greyish white material, and George pointed it out as the gemstone deposit we were seeking. A small prospect hole was to be seen at one point, but I have been unable to verify the story that a prospector found fire opal on the surface here and was excavating in quest of more of it.

We found plenty of common opal and agate, occurring in small lenticular nod-

ules and odd peanut-shaped masses imbedded in the grey-white siliceous rock. Most of the colors were white, but on top of the deposit to the left of the prospect hole we found a vein of fine pink nodules well worth collecting and cutting.

This streak seems to follow rather consistently through the bed which extends for a considerable distance. The collector will have to do some work for his specimens, but there is good material to be found. There are also many other colors of agate and jasper in the area. They range through yellows to dark browns and reds, with various combinations of these colors.

When we had gathered several specimens our guide suggested that we visit the borax mines farther down the road, and perhaps drive through to the shore of Lake Mead. As we continued along the way he told us an amusing incident in connection with the working of the mines.

It seems that a borax company had purchased the main claims from the prospector who discovered and located them, and after doing the required work for mining patents, had moved out and left the deposit as a reserve supply for the future.

Later a rival company purchased adjoining claims and commenced working them. A big crew of men was hired, a mill erected and a full-fledged mining camp established. The company paid good wages for several months. Then engineers for the original company became suspi-

cious. Too much borax was coming out of the small claims. The dumps were growing too large. It did not make sense.

The home office of the major company ordered an investigation. But when its engineers asked permission to go down into the shafts and tunnels they met a polite but firm refusal. Finally, legal action was started, but the wheels of justice move slowly and the case seemed likely to drag along in the courts for years. Then unexpectedly, Nature took a hand in the proceedings. Following an unusually heavy rain some of the tunnels began to cave in and tell-tale depressions appeared on the surface. And some of them were on the wrong claims.

Needless to say, work was stopped immediately, the mill dismantled and hauled away. Today there is little left of the old borax camp that thrived on ore from the rival company's property.

There are some rather nice samples of Colemanite to be found in the old dumps and a botroidal white material known locally as "eggshell borax." It fluoresces in ultra violet light. The Colemanite is not as brilliant as that found in the Death Valley region but to the hardier desert travelers who are prepared for rough travel the camp is worth a visit.

The road which continues to the shore of the lake appeared impassable when we were there, but I understand it is now in better condition and is used by fishermen



who go there because the bass are especially plentiful.

On our return trip out of the canyon we saw a Gila monster waddling along over the sand. This is the first time I had ever encountered one in the wild. I have hunted for Gila monsters many times in their native habitat in Arizona. It seemed strange that the first one I was to find should be on the Nevada side of the river where few of the reptiles ever have been seen.

We returned through the Valley of Fire. Great grey and brown masses of ancient limestone pitted with caves towered on both sides of the road as we entered the valley. Beneath all this are outcroppings of brilliant red and orange and it is these that give the valley its name.

Farther down the valley past the red pinnacles and domes an arm of Lake Mead glittered like a great blue jewel in a setting of golden hills. In the background is the hulking mass of the Grand Wash cliffs through which the Colorado has carved its channel. Far in the distance we could see snow-capped peaks in Utah.

We stopped to photograph the "Beehive," the "Elephant" and other odd sand-

This is the famous Atlatl rock in the Valley of Fire—so named because of certain Indian petroglyphs found on it.

stone formations, including the beautiful Atlatl rock which is covered with hundreds of ancient Indian inscriptions.

The petrified trees are one of the attractions in this area and I felt a surge of resentment when I noted that souvenir hunters had been trying to chip off pieces of the fossilized wood. No true rockhound would be guilty of that. There are numerous areas where petrified wood may be obtained without breaking the law or defacing a landscape that belongs to the public.

We stopped at Mouse tanks. This place brings interesting memories to George Perkins, for he was a member of the posse that trailed the infamous renegade Mouse this way in 1901. Some distance beyond here the pursuers caught up with their man. The Indian chose to shoot it out, and was killed. (Desert Magazine, November, 1939.)

There is a public camp ground at the base of the red cliffs. George told us the sunrise from this point is a marvelous

spectacle, and later I had the opportunity to verify this statement.

Soon we were back on the Overton road again, having completed a circle trip of unusual interest. Our minds were full of the colorful splendor of the trip, and our pockets filled with specimens that would gladden the heart of any collector.

BOULDER DAM AREA FISHING RULES LISTED

Special regulations for fishing in Lake Mead and Colorado river below Boulder dam have been announced in Nevada. Limits: bass, 10 fish but not over 15 pounds and one fish in one day or in possession, length not less than 10 inches. Trout, 15 fish, but not over 10 pounds and one fish per day or in possession. Catfish, no limits in Lake Mead, 10 catfish regardless of weight in Colorado river below the dam. Bluegill and crappie, 20 fish per day, but not over 20 pounds and one fish. Carp, no protective measures, no commercial operations. Fishing is allowed year around. Nevada or Arizona licenses are good in all parts of lake and river below dam. Non-resident licenses good for 15 days, \$2.



HOPI Snake Dances

On the Hopi mesa at Walpi this year the Indians will hold another of those amazing ceremonials — the Snake Dance. Americans will come and see this strange ritual and will go away more puzzled than ever as to the strange magic that enables the Hopi Snake priests to survive unharmed from the bite of venomous reptiles.

Dates for the annual snake dances are determined by the Hopi Snake priests according to certain signs of the sun and moon. The time is not known or given out until ten days before the dances are held, but always occur during the last half of August.

This year—an odd numbered year—the Walpi and Mishongnovi will hold their dance on the day that will be announced, at sunset, by village criers.

This year plan to visit these strange ceremonies. The shortest and most direct route, over good roads, starts from Holbrook. Our Chamber of Commerce will be glad to furnish the dance dates upon request.

STOP at HOLBROOK

When you visit Northern Arizona be sure to make your base at Holbrook—in Navajo land. A land of vista and vastness, different from all other places you have ever been.

There is invigorating stimulus in the atmosphere, and scenic delights which can be found no place else on earth.

Gateway to Petrified Forest

Twenty miles east of Holbrook is the Petrified Forest National Monument. Millions of years ago high trees grew in a low, marshy, swampy valley. Today, spread over a wide area, the Petrified Forest has abundant examples of trees changed into agate and carnelian through the process of petrification.

Painted Desert

Along U. S. Highway 66, near Holbrook, is the Painted Desert. The marls and rocks of this scenic wonder are of many colors—red, blue, chocolate, purple, pink, and many others. Seen at dawn or in the rays of the setting sun, all the colors of the rainbow vie with each other to form a picture of unforgettable beauty.

Holbrook

Make Holbrook your base for all your vacation trips. Not only for the Petrified Forest and the Painted Desert, but also, from here one can easily make trips to Canyon de Chelly, Old Fort Defiance, Monument Valley, White Mountains, Rainbow Natural Bridge and scores of other places. And be sure to take the famous Mogollon Rim drive; see the snake dances in August.

Every comfort and convenience will be found in **HOLBROOK**—and at prices most reasonable.



LETTERS

Moapa, Nevada

Dear Mr. Henderson:

I have noticed recently several of the boys voicing a complaint about the new cars we have now not being suitable for desert travel. I heartily agree with them.

Here is a tip I gladly pass on to anyone who might be interested in building a car for rough country.

Take any standard model car, cut the frame and drive shaft so you can shorten up the car to either an 84 or 96 inch wheel base. The shorter the wheel base the rougher country you can travel. I'll not go into a technical explanation as to why and wherefor but to interested parties I say this, look at a tractor. Notice the wheel base and you can see why you should shorten up a car for hard travel.

The one thing about building a desert car is this. If you are going to travel over sand and loose gravel you want a large diameter wheel. The larger the wheel is in circumference the less likely is it to dig in. I think this is due to the fact that the large wheel moves slower through the perimeter of its circle than the 16 inch wheels on modern cars and the corkscrew effect of boring in is eliminated. This theory may be all haywire but I know from experience that there is gravel and sandy washes I can't begin to travel in a late model Dodge because of the 16 inch wheels digging in; I can take the Maxwell and pay no attention to the loose gravel and sand.

A mechanical burro is dangerous if it is geared down. My Maxwell is geared so low I can crank it in low—sometimes I forget and crank her in gear and the dang thing runs over me. I have chased her several times a hundred yards or so to get her stopped after she has run over me.

BRADLEY R. STUART

• • •

Los Angeles, California

My Dear Mr. Henderson:

Over the weekend, three of us who like to get out into the hills of the desert country, breathe air uncontaminated by carbon monoxide, admire the multitude of magnificent desert blooms and knock off pieces of rock with a prospector's hammer, took a trip down into the country east of Indio.

We branched off the Twentynine Palms highway toward Quail Springs. Incidentally, that improved road up to Key's Point makes it smooth sailing to the top of the mountains overlooking the Coachella valley and the northern portion of the Salton sea. The view is beyond description. Apparently this section is not known to a great many people, because out of the thousands of automobiles making the trek to Palm Springs and Twentynine Palms, we saw only two other cars going up to enjoy that beautiful view.

We wound around back over by Split Rock tank, and then took the road that led off through Pinto basin from the top of the grade out of Twentynine Palms; finally winding up to spend the night south of the Indio-Blythe highway along the canyon road leading up to the Red Cloud mine in the Chuckwalla mountains. We camped for the night some three or four miles up this road.

Early the next morning, one of the fellows spotted some living object high up on a rock on a hill about three-quarters of a mile away. The

distance was too great to determine just what it was, but we could see that it was something sizable, and at first we were unable to tell whether it was man, beast or bird. Our curiosity was aroused, and we walked down the wash in an endeavor to get as close as we could to find out just what it was. We finally made it out to be a large bird, and by carefully keeping down in the bottom of the wash and behind the bushes we were able to get within 150 yards of it.

The bird stood about four feet high, was black in color with a light-colored head. We watched it for some time, and finally noticed what appeared to be another large black bird circling at a considerable height above it. As we watched, the bird on the rock spread its wings and I should judge that it had at least a seven-foot wing-spread. In a few seconds it took off, flew up and joined the other bird, and the two of them flew away in a northwesterly direction.

In over thirty years of rather intimate contact with the great Southern California outdoors, I had not seen a bird like this. It had the general appearance of a buzzard, but was apparently several times larger and did not have the same type of awful-looking head and neck. When it spread its wings we could see that it had a band of light-colored feathers out toward the wing-tip.

From this rather sketchy description, can you tell me if I am right in assuming that the bird could have been a California condor? I understand that many years ago this bird was plentiful in Southern California, but is now seldom seen.

D. C. MacEWEN

Dear Mr. MacEwen: Your details correspond closely with the description of the California condor given in Dawson's Bird Book of California. This is the second report that has come to our office regarding a pair of condors in the Colorado desert area. While this is not the native habitat of the bird, it has a wide range and may be nesting in peaks adjacent to the desert.—R.H.

• • •

Glendale, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

I haven't pestered you for some time now, but feeling of such complete satisfaction over a recent trip compels me to let you (or ask you to) enthuse with me.

First of all, will you thank Mrs. Eaton for her complete and accurate description of the Moabi peak region in the Turtle mountains. (Desert Magazine, September, 1940.) It was this article which provided the stimulus to get Felix Beaumont and me out of bed at the un-holy hour of 3:00 a. m. and head for points east.

After interesting but uneventful traveling to Vidal junction, we chatted briefly with Russell Travis at the Standard station — incidentally saw his "baby" Mrs. Eaton referred to: Eleanor was quite a young lady then! and as shaggy a burro as you ever saw. Our next stop was close to the stone cabin at the bottom of the wash, about 4 miles west of Highway 95. Moabi spring camp. And here may I add my word of disgust for the campers who left such a choice spot in such a state of upheaval. It looked like the city dump. Fortunately, however, among the debris we found two brushes, sans handles, which served to clear away space for tent and cooking facilities.

After establishing camp we went on up to the spring which was probably pretty much the same as it has been for a long time. Then, in what remained of the afternoon, we went up the north slope of Moabi peak and found many chalcedony specimens as float, and further up found chalcedony in place in fissures. Returning to camp, we prepared dinner, then planned our next day's program. Then, before the fire in the evening, we unlimbered our orchestra:

you know—the sort of thing we can't get away with in civilization—Felix with his accordion and me with my fife.

Now, Mr. Henderson—we appreciate Mrs. Eaton's accuracy of description and all that: but why didn't she give us some information on our neighbors? We had only been playing our music a little while when we heard some rustling in the brush—figured it was probably a rat or some other night prowler, and didn't give it much thought. But it was insistent and becoming more familiar all the time—so Felix turned his flashlight into the bush, and here within seven feet of us is a little spotted skunk, working on a flapjack previous inhabitants had left. Well, he didn't object to the concert, so we gave him some more. He stayed on the job until he had finished, and without even thanking us for our courtesy in letting him alone, turned up his tail and moseyed off up the hill.

Our next day's walk covered territory most

ly west and south from Moabi peak, and netted us a few beautiful specimens of chalcedony roses and some very pretty quartz crystals, in a somewhat stellate arrangement. Also I found an arrowhead on the slope to the west of the peak. The Chemehuevi who chipped out that stone really understood the philosophy of a cutting edge! I am enclosing some photos of some of our specimens — and might mention that the rose pictured measures $2\frac{1}{8}$ inches across, is a mixture of white and delicate pink, is translucent, and its under surface is covered with tiny "sugary" crystals, apparently quartz. It is a beauty!

This letter will serve as tangible evidence that we continue to enjoy the magazine—and I'm betting we'll enjoy it in the future as well. I still smirk with smug satisfaction at the thought that I have ALL the issues in my files! Carry on—and strength to your arm.

ROBERT R. ORR



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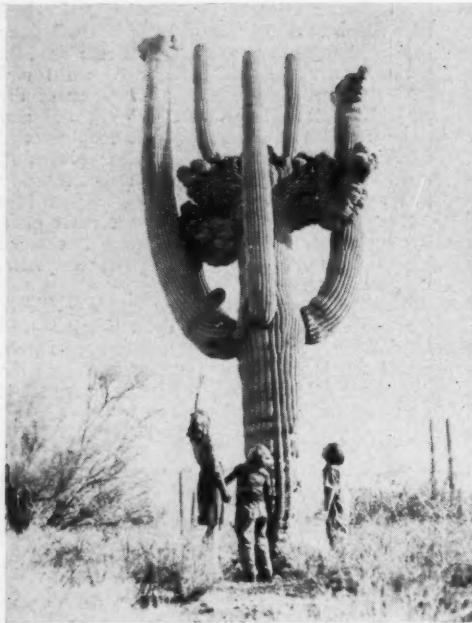
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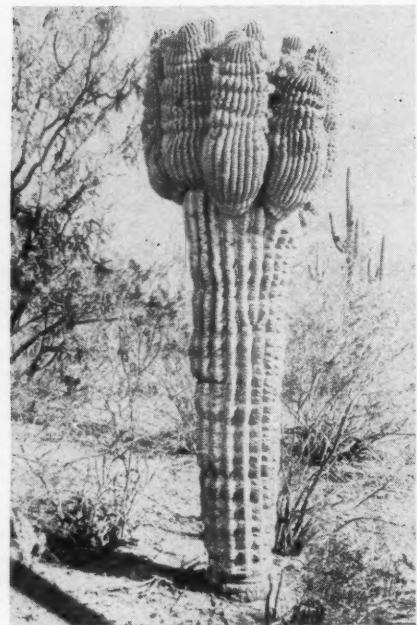
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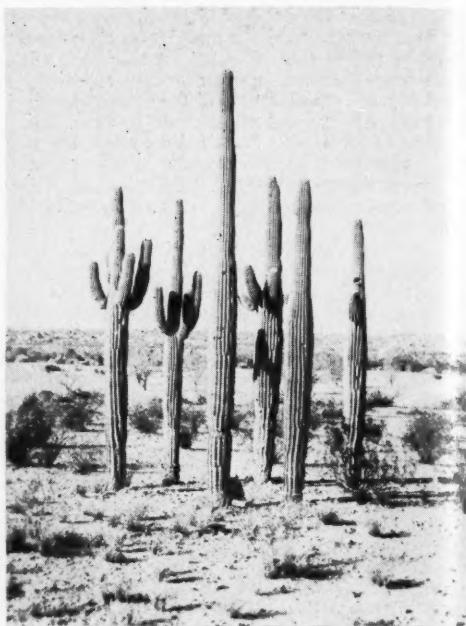




Candelabrum



Punch Bowl



The Council

Odd Members of the Saguaro Family . . .

By NATT N. DODGE

DESERT Indians have a legend. Unworthy tribesmen, according to the story, must linger on earth many years after death before their spirits pass on to the happy hunting ground of the great hereafter.

With the last heartbeat of each Indian whose life has been marked with dishonest or unfriendly deeds, a tiny Saguaro comes into being. Into this cactus is drawn the unhappy soul to be imprisoned within the spine-clad body.

Not until the little Saguaro becomes an ungainly giant, dies, and its pulpy body decays is the soul at last set free and permitted to leave this earth. Since Saguaro often reach an age of 150 years this punishment is not to be considered lightly.

This is the answer given by the Indians when travelers in the Southwest ask about the odd and unusual forms often found in the Saguaro forests. Some of the giant cacti have truly human figures, lifting their arms in supplication to the sun god. Others seem to writhe in the anguish of lifelong imprisonment. Occasionally the resemblance is so marked and the suggestion of the legend so powerful one is tempted to cut down a particularly pathetic figure to free the suffering soul and let it wing its way to another land.

All Saguaro do not resemble humans,

however. The person with imagination will see all kinds of odd forms and figures in the great Saguaro areas that flank the highways through Arizona where most of the cacti of this species are found.

Reg Manning, in his *Cartoon Guide of Arizona*, says of the Saguaro:

"To the Saguaro (sah-wah-ro) alias the Giant Cactus, goes Number One ranking among all desert plants. It is first in size, first in longevity, and first by vote of the legislature, which designated the blossom the State Flower of Arizona.

"The Saguaro is light olive green in color—in shape it is like a giant baloney standing on end, with enormous weenies growing out of it for arms. Usually the arms grow up, but often they are twisted around like a man trying to reach the itchy spot on his back.

"Saguaro get as tall as the average high diving tower—40 feet—and grow scores of branches. The branchless ones are mere saplings. You can judge the age of Giant Cacti, with fair accuracy, by their height. They grow an average of about two inches a year.

"Trunks and branches are corrugated top to bottom, which allows the plant to expand a la accordion, to store more water in its body during the rainy season. In this way it can retain enough water to last as long as four years without a refill. What an idea that'd make for a new fountain pen."

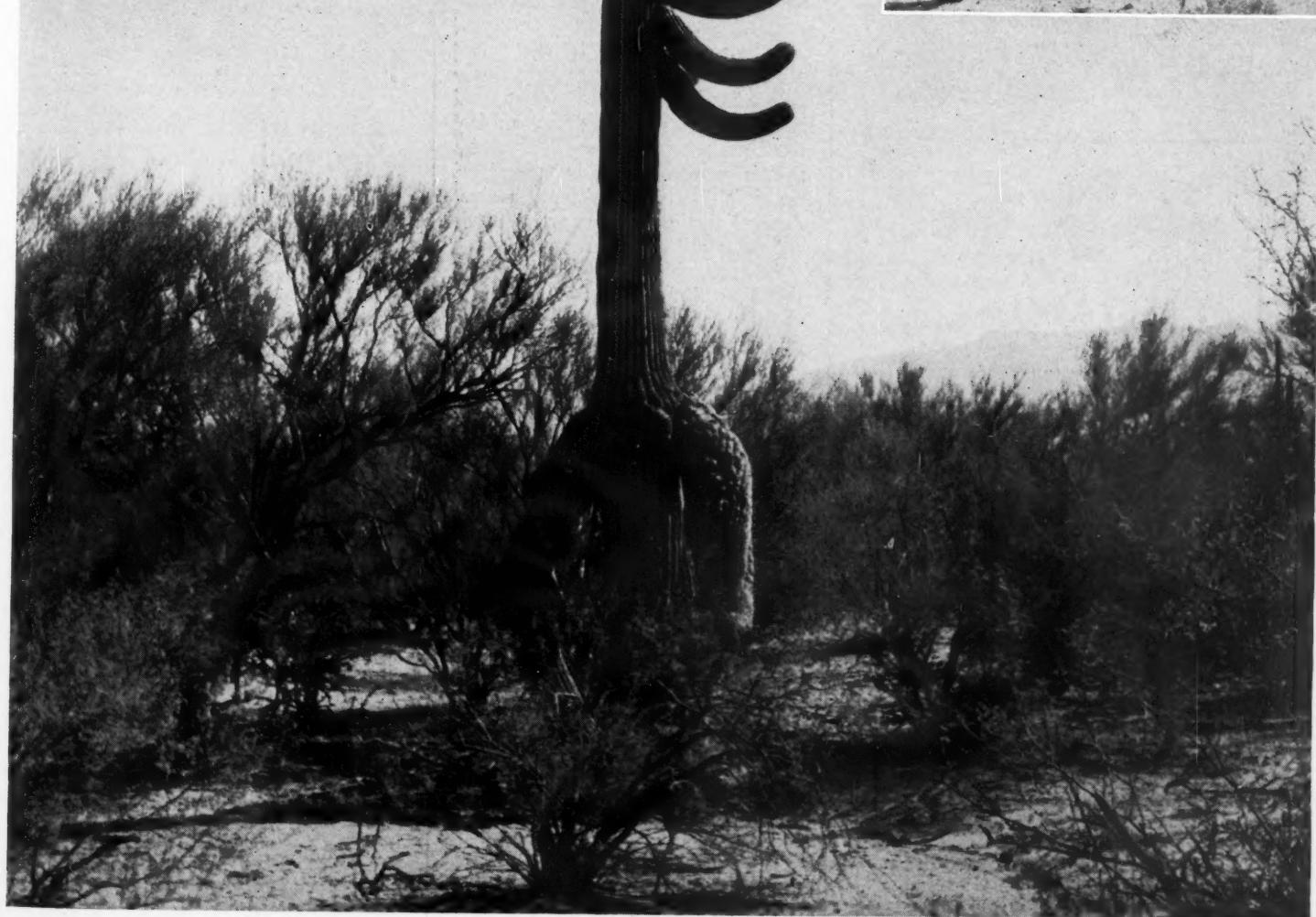
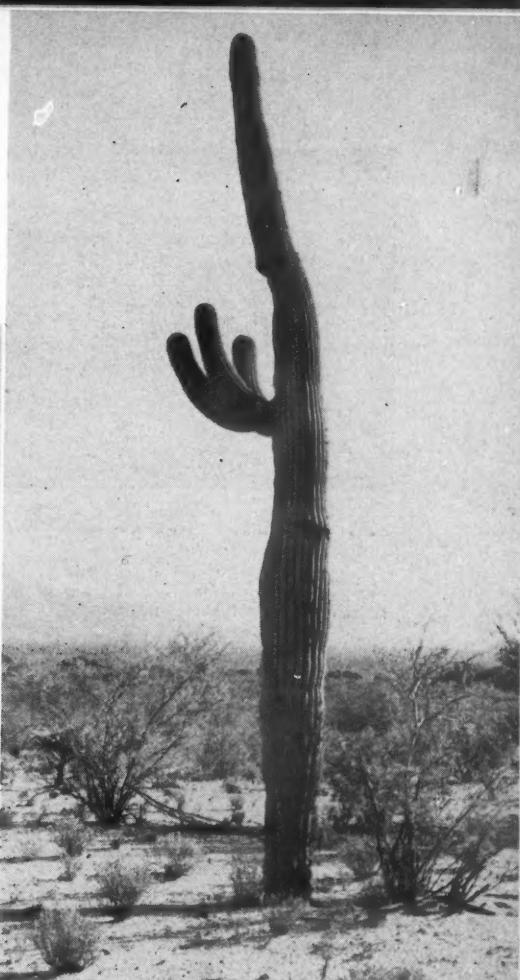


Traffic Cop



Left—This Saguaro borrowed its pattern from the man who peddles the balloons on circus day.

Right—Meet the dunce. He even has a patch on the seat of his trousers.



This is the prehistoric dinosaur—reared up on his hind legs looking over the landscape for food or enemies.

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SANTA FE NEW MEXICO

Sez Hard Rock Shorty

of Death Valley

By LON GARRISON



"Them extra squeaks yuh hear today," began Hard Rock Shorty as he eased himself into his squeaky chair, "ain't the chair. They're me. An' you'd ache too if you'd a slep' out where me an' Pisgah Bill did last night. Plumb distractin' — we still ain't figgered out what happened to our beds."

He sighed dolefully, rocked experimentally back in the chair, and painfully tilted the chair against the wall, but he had to bend over and lift his feet up to the porch rail.

"Bill wanted me to go with 'im to look at a little prospect he's got back up here a ways, an' I done so. Met 'im over to his shack yesterday mornin'. He took a water jug an' we starts. It's fair to middlin' hot, an' afore long we takes a drink, an' by the time we gets where this prospect is supposed to be an' spends a couple o' hours lookin' for it, we've drained the jug, the sun is settin', an' we're miles from home.

"Funny thing happened about that time. Behind one o' them big cactus we finds where a woodpecker'd drilled a hole plumb through the cactus. The sap was oozin', an' the wind was blowin', an' do you know, the wind blowin' through that woodpecker hole was blowin' cactus juice bubbles just like a kid with soapsuds an' a clay pipe! Them bubbles'd collected in a big heap on the ground, an' they was just as soft as feathers. Bill an' me was so tired we just lays down on 'em an' goes to sleep.

"Come mornin' an' we wakes up, we're layin' there in the gol durndest rock pile I ever seen, an' not only the bubbles but the cactus was plumb gone. We groans all the way back to town an' stops at Bill's. He says he's got a jug o' red-eye'll fix us up. But that jug ain't there — only a jug o' water. Even that tastes good, but I'm kind o' wonderin'. Do yuh suppose Bill got them jugs mixed yesterday mornin' when we started out?"

The Desert TRADING POST

Classified advertising in this section costs five cents a word, \$1.00 minimum per issue—actually about 1 1/2 cents per thousand readers.

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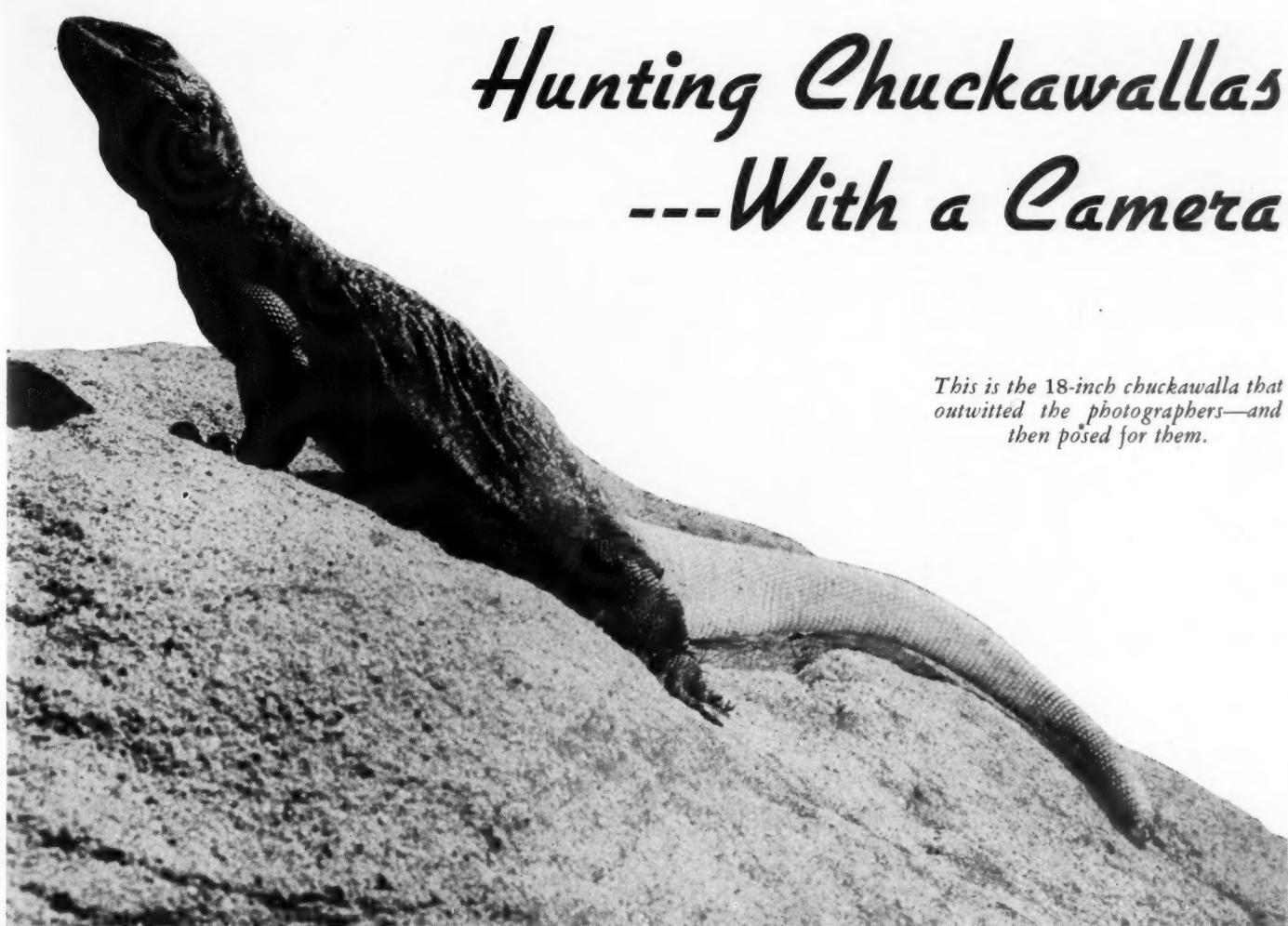
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EL CENTRO — — — CALIFORNIA

The DESERT MAGAZINE

Hunting Chuckawallas ---With a Camera



This is the 18-inch chuckawalla that outwitted the photographers—and then posed for them.

By WELDON D. WOODSON

DESERT Indians hunted chuckawalla lizards for food—but when Keith Boyd and I went chuckawalla-hunting we carried an ample supply of food in our grub-box. The idea of eating these big black desert lizards had no appeal for us. Our hunting expedition was for another purpose—we wanted to find chuckawallas that would pose for pictures.

We studied our desert maps—and decided that Southern California's Calico mountains, near Daggett, would be a likely habitat for the chuckawalla.

At the desert service station where we stopped for gas, the attendant assured us we were wrong. "You'll find no chuckawallas in the Calicos," he said. "I was out there three weeks ago looking for them—and couldn't find a one."

That was not reassuring, but perhaps the gas station man had not looked in the right places, or possibly it was a cloudy day. We did not argue with him—but that night we camped in Odessa canyon, hemmed in by hills that were pitted and torn with old mining tunnels and shafts. We were in the heart of the old Calico

The chuckawalla lizard of the desert Southwest would never win the prize in a beauty contest. He is rather sluggish by nature and his skin is always too big for him. But he is a harmless fellow, and quite companionable when you get to know him. Here is a story that reveals some of the odd habits of this distant cousin of the ancient dinosaur.

mountain silver camp—once a fabulously rich producer, but now practically abandoned.

Early the next morning we were climbing over the rocky slopes with our cameras ready for action. The chuckawalla is a blackish lizard belonging to the *iguanid* family, the genus *Sauromalus*. It thrives in regions of extreme high temperatures and comes out of its retreat only when the sun is torrid in its intensity.

Its length varies from 8 to 18 inches, with a wide belly and a narrow head. It may be seen on the hot slopes of lava rocks or the iron-stained granites that are so common in desert mountains. The lizard's tail is thick and powerful, and its skin loose and scaly like an elephant's hide. It is this loose skin that shields it from the heat.

With a well-heated rock for a perch, the chuckawalla basks in contentment, for not only is its sun bath its only bath, but the

Photos by Keith Boyd

heat rays aid its digestive and other processes.

This lizard is found in western Arizona, southern Nevada and Utah, and in California its range is from the Mexican border north through Mojave desert and Death Valley.

The Calico mountains are in the heart of the Mojave and we had every reason to expect to find them here.

Suddenly Keith halted and pointed toward a ledge 50 yards to the right of us.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

I looked in the direction he was pointing and saw nothing but brownish rock. Then my eyes focused on a dark spot perhaps a foot and a half in length. It was motionless, and might have been a slab of loose rock.

But we knew something of the protective subterfuges with which Nature has endowed the chuckawalla. It may lie as immobile as a boulder, and its coloration blends well with the landscape. Although the more common species, as they grow older, become darker and darker gray until almost black, some members of the family are brown shouldered, or their entire body brown with dark brown and



A close-up of the chuckawalla coming over an incline. He often opens his mouth when sensing the near-presence of an enemy.

black spots. Or, the tail may be orange with dull black bands, or it may be marbled with white.

But at this minute we were not thinking of the color differences which distinguish one species from the other. Our interest was centered on the object before us. We moved closer, then stopped short, and I let out an excited whisper, "It moved! It's a chuckawalla."

Keith motioned for me to stay back. With camera in hand, he crept nearer and

nearer until there was less than a yard's distance between him and the reptile. Focusing his camera, he was just ready to snap the shutter when the creature raised its body from the rock and scurried away.

We saw it scramble up an embankment and dart into a crack in the rock and disappear. We climbed the cliff after it, and as soon as our eyesight became adjusted to the darkness in the crevice we could make out the lizard deep in the recess.

Keith edged closer, reached in and

tried to seize the chuckawalla. It flipped its blunt clumsy tail and squirmed, hissing viciously. Unable to wriggle free from Keith's grasp, it suddenly began to puff up, filling its baggy skin to such proportions that it could not be pulled from its lodging place.

This is the chuckawalla's protective weapon. It inflates itself as protection against foxes and coyotes, soaring eagles and hawks—its four natural enemies.

The meat of the chuckawalla, when



When his enemy approaches the chuckawalla takes refuge in a crevice—and will inflate himself to keep from being pulled out.

properly prepared, is said to resemble chicken or frog's legs. It was a delicacy among the Shoshones, the Cahuillas and the Pahutes. When the chuckawalla hid in a crack and inflated himself, the Indians had a simple method of attack. They took a sharp stick and punctured its hide. Then reached in and pulled it out.

But Keith and I were out to photograph chuckawallas, not to injure them. It was a disappointment not to get a picture of this fellow. He was big and nicely colored—with a white tail.

"Oh, well! That's not the only chuckawalla here," remarked my companion. "I am not sure but that we will get that big fellow yet."

We climbed over the rocks for a half hour, scanning every boulder and slope. "This is a good place for them," Keith finally remarked. "See those desert bushes and blossoms."

We knew something of the chuckawalla's habits. It is a vegetarian in the strictest sense of the word. It prefers the petals and buds of the flower, which it swallows whole. In the absence of blossoms it will eat leaves.

Keith's hunch was good. It was not long before we spied a chuckawalla on a slab of rock beneath an overhanging boulder. By a circuitous route we crept closer until we were within photographing distance—and he remained motionless while the picture was snapped. This was the first of a half dozen excellent shots we obtained of as many chuckawallas. Some were only eight inches long—none of them equalled the measurements of the big fellow who had outwitted us.

Finally we had the pictures we wanted, and returned slowly over the ridge toward the canyon where our car was parked. My companion was in the lead, and before I realized it we were back in the spot where our first chuckawalla had crawled into the crack.

Keith's persistence was rewarded. Our 18-inch chuckawalla had decided it was no longer in danger, and was just emerging from its refuge as we appeared. Keith had his camera ready, and caught it in the act. Evidently it now regarded us as friends, for we got many more pictures. We caught it basking in the sun, climbing an incline with head raised and mouth open like a prehistoric dinosaur, and in fact it seemed willing to pose in any position we wanted.

At last when clouds covered the sky, our desert friend retreated to a rock crevice. He contributed much to the success of our camera hunting expedition in the Calicos. I am glad the days are past when the Indians hunted chuckawallas for food—that big fellow deserves a better fate than to be roasted over the hot coals of a redskin's campfire.

NEW MUSEUM DEDICATED AT KINISHBA RUINS

Arizona's newest museum, the Kinishba ruins near Fort Apache was dedicated and opened to the public at a simple ceremony April 26.

Dr. Byron Cummings, who has spent nine years in excavation and research at the ancient ruins, gave the history of the ruin from its first discovery by white men to the present, sketching briefly the various periods through which the work has gone. He, too, expressed his earnest hope to have the ruin declared a national monument so that the restored portions, particularly, may be properly cared for.

In the evening following the ceremony,

a campfire program was presented in the large patio in the heart of the ruin itself.

In the flickering firelight, to the weird, high chant of the medicine men, and the insistent beat of the Apache ceremonial drum, Apache Devil Dancers from Canyon Day, gave that portion of the tribe's chief ceremonial, the coming-out ceremony for their young girls.

Jack W. Culbertson, full-blood Chocaw, a teacher in the Fort Apache school, dressed in his native buckskin dress, wearing the traditional feather ceremonial bonnet of his people, gave a talk on the customs and habits of his tribe. He illustrated his talk with dance steps and with artifacts made by his people.

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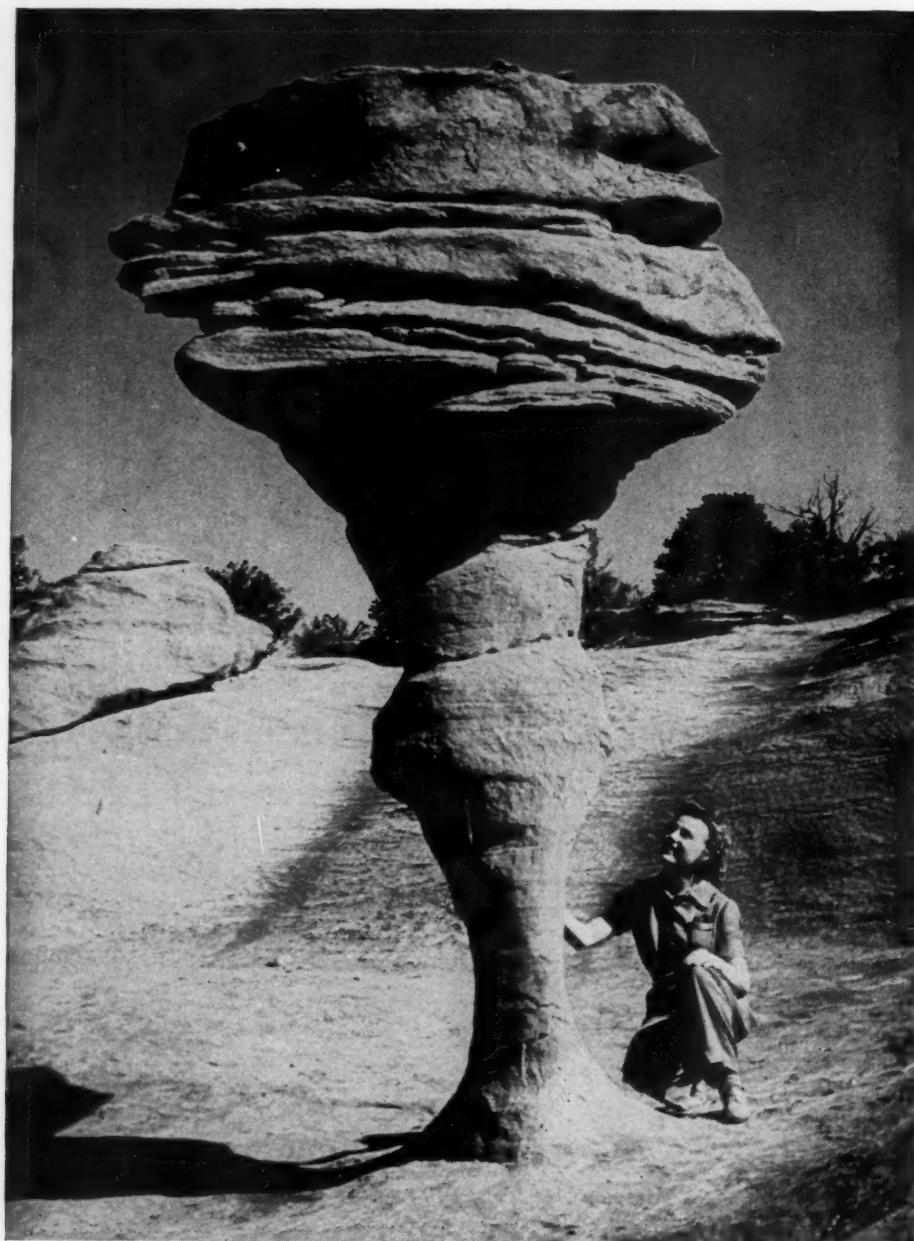
Mohave County Chamber of Commerce

L. HICKS, Secretary

KINGMAN, ARIZONA

GOBLET OF VENUS

Winner of the April Landmark contest of Desert Magazine is Olivia McHugh of Salt Lake City, Utah. She identified the rock formation in the accompanying picture as the Goblet of Venus, discovered and named by Dr. Frederick J. Pack of the University of Utah in 1921. The prize-winning story of the Goblet is reprinted on this page.



By OLIVIA McHUGH

*I*N 1921 the late Dr. Frederick J. Pack, then head of the geology department of the University of Utah, conducted a trip to The Bridges in southeastern Utah with Zeke Johnson, who had a personal acquaintance with the whole of San Juan county, as guide. Zeke tells that they were riding along a ridge that skirted the formation when Dr. Pack let out a whoop and shouted, "Do you see what I see?" The party followed him down to the huge pedestal pictured on page 45 of the April Desert Magazine. Then and there the great stemmed pillar was christened with the name given it by

Dr. Pack, THE GOBLET OF VENUS.

In 1938 when planning for the University of Utah spring geology trip, Dr. Pack's enthusiasm for the Goblet of Venus infected his advanced students like a virus. All were curious about this unique example of wind erosion. When we turned west from Blanding, the Goblet ranked with The Bridges in our imaginations. Zeke Johnson, now famous as a guide and custodian of the Natural Bridges national monument, was with us. He pointed out the Bear's Ears on the western horizon and said that Venus' Goblet stood near them and The Bridges just beyond.

Fifteen miles west of Blanding we were reassured by a road sign: GOBLET OF VENUS 300 YARDS. We scrambled down a rock bank and before us stood the magnificent wind-eroded pedestal rock. It is 13 feet high but its height did not astonish us; it was nine feet across its mushroom top but that did not amaze us; its long neck tapered to a mere 16 inches at its lower extremity, but dimensions seemed insignificant. We stood in awe before a carving wrought to these unusual proportions by wind and sand grains.

Tiny grains of sand, air in motion, a natural sandblast at work cutting, cutting until this mighty carving faced us, as evidence of the greatness of the small, as a witness for the eternal story of the rocks. Bit by bit as the sand grains were blown by the wind this story was cutting into our consciousness to impress the significance of slow change and establish a concept of the time element in our universe.

Natural Bridges national monument where the Goblet is located, is reached over state highway 47 to Blanding, Utah, and thence over state highway 95 into the monument. When the discovery trip was made it was necessary to pack in from Blanding.

The Goblet of Venus stands in a massive, cross-bedded, red sandstone which is probably the Navajo formation (Jurassic) although this point is disputed. Dr. Pack believed it was not Navajo but a local facies of the Kaibab formation (Permian). Dr. H. E. Gregory says it is Navajo and Dr. A. A. Baker of the U. S. G. S. claims it is a local facies of the Coconino (Middle Permian).

Venus' Goblet is a magic password for members of that 1938 geology trip . . . When you visit the Natural Bridges monument in San Juan county, Utah, may it be your good fortune to stand in awe before this pedestal and drink rock wisdom from the great Goblet.

Cabins and Riding and Pack Animals for those who would visit . . .

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Located at the base of Navajo mountain in scenic northern Arizona, the lodge is a friendly informal cabin resort for people with moderate incomes.

For information or folder, write . . .

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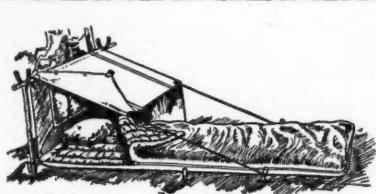
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Hole-in-the-Rock in Arizona

Who can identify this picture?



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PRIZE CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

The above picture was taken somewhere in Arizona. It is an interesting place for two reasons. The mammoth hole in the rock at the left center of the picture is a rare scenic attraction.

At one time this was a well known landmark for the Indians who roamed the desert region. At a later date Americans erected buildings here and established an administrative agency.

Many southwestern travelers are familiar with this scene — but few of them know its historical background.

In order that this information may be available for all Desert Magazine readers a prize of \$5.00 will be awarded by the magazine staff for the best 500-word story of this settlement and the unusual rock formation.

Manuscripts entered in the contest should give the name, location, accessibility by automobile and railroad, geology and dimensions of the hole-in-the-rock, and a brief statement as to the history and current activities within these buildings.

To qualify for the prize, entries must reach the DM office by June 20, 1941. The award will be made immediately after the judging, and the winning story will be published in the August number of this magazine.

THE SPIRIT OF

76

by JOHN CLINTON



I like to remember my dad. He was a pink-faced chap with curly white hair, and the neatest, except

on Saturday afternoons!

* * *

Saturday was car-greasing day, and he'd disappear under our old 1911 Ford with a can of goo and a little wood paddle to fill the grease cups. Then for an hour or two the air was filled with snatches of hymns, cuss-words and grunts! He had a swell time. But oh boy! You should have seen him when he emerged!

* * *

My dad would have liked Stop-Wear Lubrication that today you can get at any Union Oil station. Particularly since dad liked things he could see or hear or feel. And it happens you can do all 3 when Union Minute Men give your car a Stop-Wear Lubrication.

* * *

You can see the difference in the way the old bus shines when the boys bring it back—glass bright, tires and running boards dressed, interior cleaned out neat as a pin. And you can feel the difference in the way it rides, shifts and steers.

* * *

And finally, you can hear the difference. Not a squeak, rattle or noise. The whole thing's about as satisfactory as anything I've ever tried.

* * *

Well, as I say, I think dad would have liked Stop-Wear Lubrication, even if it would have prevented him

from having himself a lot of fun Saturday afternoons. And, finally—if you've never tried Stop-Wear Lubrication, you're missing something. Drive in to or telephone your nearest station, and see what I mean.

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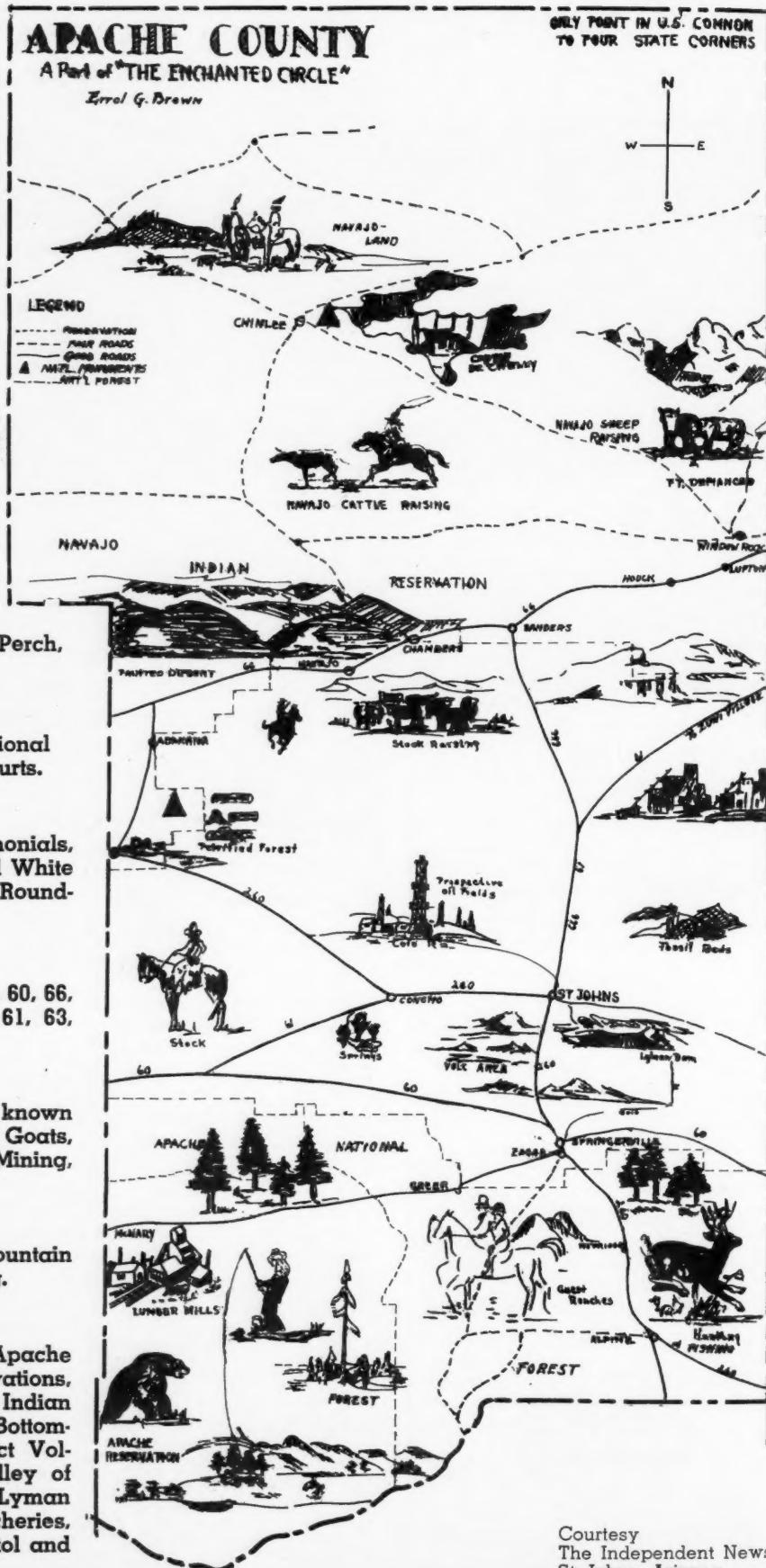
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- Petrified Forest, Painted Desert, Apache and Navajo Indian Reservations, Zuni Village and Prehistoric Indian Ruins, Canyon de Chelly, Bottomless Salt Lake Crater, Extinct Volcanoes and Lava Beds, Valley of Dwarf Trees, Ice Caves, Lyman Dam Lumber Mills, Fish Hatcheries, First Arizona Territorial Capitol and many others.



Courtesy
The Independent News
St. Johns, Arizona.



Lesson time. Plenty of air and sunshine in this desert classroom where Rider and Rudyard South attack the practical problems of education.

On their remote desert homestead on Ghost mountain, Marshal and Tanya South have for the past nine years been conducting a glorious experiment in primitive living. They and their three children are trying to harmonize their lives as closely

as possible with Nature's universal code. In his story this month, Marshal tells some of the things they have learned about Nature — and suggests lessons they have learned from the wildlife neighbors.

wings close furled against its sides, dropped like a whirling plummet over the cliff edge and away into the churning gulf below, planing and drifting expertly into the gusts. Wind and threshing trees!

But here is the sun, bursting suddenly from overhead and blazing leagues on leagues of wasteland to a pattern of dazzling silver. Cloud shadows race like scattering coyotes across the writhing course of sandy washes and over the towers of cinnamon-colored buttes. A white-rumped shrike whirring down from the crest of a tall dead mescal stalk to snatch an unwary bug from a granite boulder. Yes, the chances are good that it will be a brilliant spring day after all.

There is always something electric and vibrant about desert in spring. You sense so plainly the stirring of the mysterious Force in all Nature; the mighty, unceasing throb of Earth-life that goes on and on, steadily and purposefully. Always it gives a fundamental sense of security. Wars may rage and nation battle against nation and turmoil and hate shatter the edifice of human frailties. But the steady, unruffled beat of the Great

Desert Home

By MARSHAL SOUTH

THE plaintive notes of the kildeer close around the house in the grey light before dawn. The sun rising out of the cloudbanked distance of the lowland desert to fade into the greyness of an overcast sky. Wind! Down on the cliff edge this morning as I scrambled among the boulders and junipers collecting fuel the wind roared up out of far down emptiness with a fury that threatened to hurl me from the rocks. Desert wind is a living thing. There is mystery in it and elemental, untamed freedom. A tiny sharpshin hawk,

Heart goes on. You have only to pause in the silence of the desert peace to hear it.

Nighthawks are abroad these evenings, flitting and whirling through the dusk like dark, silent leaves. Masters of camouflage too, these ghostly wingers of the night. By day they sleep upon the ground, near bushes or among the open scattered stones of ridge slopes or in the lee of huge boulders. Low huddled to the earth, their heads sunk into the hollow between their folded wings, they look, with their sooty and faintly white pencilled plumage, so exactly like sun-bleached ancient mescal roots that it is hard to believe that they are birds. I have almost trodden upon them sometimes. And even then standing over them and peering at them from a distance of three feet, it is often impossible to say with certainty that they are living things, until, abruptly, they take wing. Camouflage in Nature is a marvelous thing. There is a law behind it that is not well understood. Like everything else in Nature it has a definite reason, and one not quite so obvious as is popularly supposed. Like the airplane and other applications of natural forces man makes use of what he knows of camouflage—for destructive purposes.

The warm, bright run of the very best season of all the desert year is ahead of us. Golden sunshine, just right in temperature, and the caress of soft winds. Not that there will be no gales and storms and other brief interludes that make our Ghost mountain climate interesting. But spring is now no longer an infant. She is a bright maiden who is blooming towards the queenly womanhood of summer. Wrens sing in the juniper tops and carpenter bees bumble along the eaves' troughs of the house in the warm white mornings before sunrise. Pinacate beetles amble on their philosophic journeys and lizards flash across the rocks in pursuit of unwary flies. And Rider and Rudyard hold boat races on the new lake.

Oh yes, Yaquitepec has a new lake. It is tiny enough, it is true. But it is the biggest body of water that has ever collected

and stayed in one place on Ghost mountain for some centuries. Some day the "lake," when the side walls are raised and the top put in, will be a cistern. Now it is a spoon-shaped excavation lined with chicken wire and cement. When the wind swoops over the mountain crest and strikes down among the junipers real ripples and waves heave in the lake.

Constructed hastily, working against time and with the lower level of it already full of water before the upper cement courses were laid, the lake has already justified itself a hundred fold. For we did not have to turn precious rain water to waste this year—the first year that we have ever been so fortunate. Always, previously, with our limited cistern capacity, there would come a time in the rainy season when, with everything brimming, we would have to switch the down-spouts and let the precious fluid run to waste. Always a bitterly heartbreaking thing to do, knowing full well that we would, later on in the year, be in need of that very water.

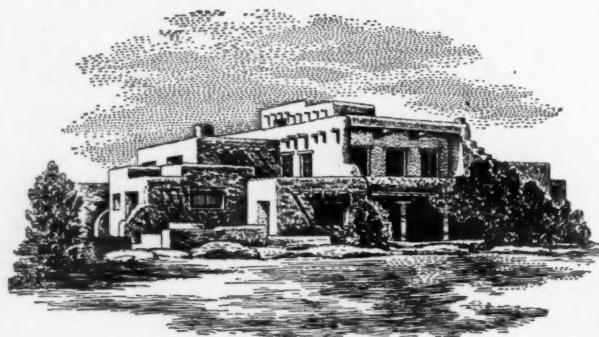
This year we switched the rainspouts from the brimming cisterns into the "lake." And the rain gods filled it full, almost to peril of overflowing. Now waterbeetles play and boats sail where but a few short weeks ago mescals spread their spiny daggers. Many and weird are the boats that sail the stormy waters. The latest is a round dish pan equipped with a stern wheel driven by a tiny steam engine that Santa Claus left this Christmas for Rider. Rider is proud of this boat—the result of his persistent begging of daddy to make a Mississippi river steamer. Rudyard has boats too. They are of strange shapes and material sometimes. The other day he tried to sail a hammer—and was scandalized to discover that it would work only as a submarine.

Our resident chukka partridges have hatched their broods. Three days ago as I went down to the lower terrace to replenish the grain in the feed pan, which we keep beneath a juniper tree for the chukkas and the wild birds, warning cluckings and scooting chukkas drew my attention to one little hen bird crouched beside the steps in the shelter of a tiny bush. She was sheltering under her wings a downy yellow and brown streaked brood of chicks. The cock bird strutted guardingly near by.

Hastily I withdrew. There had been such darting and scooting of little down covered atoms when I blundered into the group that I was afraid some were lost among the rocks. This must have been the case. For when I cautiously returned some time later the little hen bird had gone, very evidently to round up stragglers. But she had left her main body of chicks still in the same place. Huddled close in a cleft of a rock and partly sheltered by the bush they were packed one upon another in a motionless, downy mass, glinting here and there with tiny, bright watchful eyes. They were almost invisible in their protective coloring which blended perfectly with their surroundings. They made no sign or stir of life. Only their eyes watched my every move as they waited obediently for their mother's return. Tender little atoms of life in a hard fierce world of rock and thorn! So many perils! As I tip-toed softly away I remembered a certain little quail and her mate. That had been stark tragedy of another season. The little desert quail and her mate had been quite tame, calling and talking to themselves all around the house and coming regularly for food. After nesting, the little hen bird came back attended by but a single tiny chick; her mate and all the rest of the brood had disappeared, victims of some wildlife tragedy. Lonely and disconsolate she hugged close about the house for some days, keeping well beneath the juniper shadows and followed always on her stealthy comings and going by the tiny, uncertain little ball of fluffy life that ran like a shadow at her heels and over which she cooed and clucked in pitiful solicitude.

A skunk or some other marauder of the night got them both. For, one morning, going out across the flat for fuel, I came suddenly, not far from the house, upon a litter of freshly torn quail feathers beside a tiny cave under a big rock. Stooping down I peered into the little hideout. Feathers!—torn

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feathers and down. Nothing more. The lonely, courageous little mother and her chick had gone together down the long, long trail. There was gloom over Yaquitepec when I came back with the news. Rider cried. And his were not the only eyes that were damp. For the little mother and her chick had somehow become part of the scheme of things. We missed them.

This afternoon one of the big, black scaly lizards got into the house—after flies probably. I swept him into a deep can from which he could not jump, carried him to the open window and dumped him gently on the ground outside. He lay there looking at me a long time—outraged. Then, when I went outside to plug up a little chink in the adobe wall that suggested danger as a snake entry, he suddenly took to his heels and scooted off in such a wrathful fury that I had to laugh. There are some people who tell you smugly that animals have no souls. These are the people who think the whole starry universe was made just as a picture frame for man. No souls? Rubbish! If you really want to understand humans study animals and birds and all living things. Their reactions throw much light on the antics of the human family. You will find the dour natured ones and the misers, the investigative ones, the hail-fellow-well-met type—and the plodders. They go by clans and classes too. The red racer snakes on Ghost

mountain belong to a guild of comedians.

There is a new adobe arch finished at the north end of the kitchen. But there is still a lot of wall to build to replace temporary structure. There is this about personal building — you are always adding something or enlarging. On the principle of the sea creatures that build their shells bigger and bigger as they grow. If it were possible I think that every family ought to build its own house. A house is a personal thing — or it ought to be. Houses acquire souls. They absorb the spirit of the builders — and also the personality of those who live in them. It isn't necessary to be super-sensitive to realize the truth of this. Almost everyone can recall certain houses that carried with them an air of depression and gloom. And others that seem to be always smiling. The Indian knows this. You will find, if you will go to the trouble to dig beneath the surface of silly superstitions that they are usually founded upon concrete fact.

Mourning doves calling from the ridge somewhere. A pair of them comes here every year. We have never found their nesting place but it is somewhere among the rocks and junipers. Wild creatures have fixed habits. They take likes and dislikes to certain spots. And, outside of birds, desert creatures do not as a rule range very widely. Home is home, and they take root. The coyote is an exception.

He is a wide ranger. But then he is a sardonic brigand, anyway. An example of polished Roguery that can bring scant satisfaction to those who prate loudly of the "broadening influence" of travel.

LIFE

*Pause, listen to the heartbeat of the Earth.
See how the seeds so slowly bring to birth
Rejuvenating Life. Yet still we find
How senseless doubts becloud the human
mind*

*That takes no heed of truths which earth
and sky
And all God's world display to every eye.
Life is reborn. And, like the seed,
Each soul renews itself to greater deed.*

—Tanya South

• • •

WATER RUNNING OVER SPILLWAYS AT ROOSEVELT

Greatest gain in stored water ever recorded during one month by the Salt River valley water users association was made in March. Month opened with 1,056,375 acre feet of water behind Salt river dams, after February gains had lifted storage figures to a record. April 1 total was computed at 1,730,986 acre feet, further increase of 674 acre feet in 31 days. For first time in 20 years Roosevelt lake was pouring water over all spillways in April.

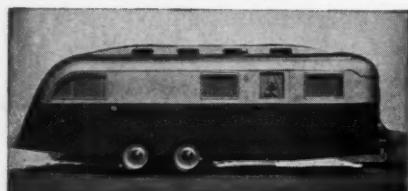
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of the desert Southwest, past and present.

FEDERAL WRITERS COMPLETE UTAH AND NEVADA GUIDES

With the publication of the American Guide Series, a project of the Federal Writers Program, Americans have had an opportunity to know their country as never before. Although many volumes had treated various phases of the states, never had so comprehensive a survey and collection of photos and maps been made accessible to the public.

Desert residents and visitors have been particularly fortunate in the guides which already have been published on the Southwest. Earlier this department reviewed guides to TEXAS, NEW MEXICO, ARIZONA and COLORADO. Most recent titles added to the list are UTAH, published April 1 by Hastings House, New York, and NEVADA, THE SILVER STATE, published by Binbards and Mort, Portland, Oregon.

Each volume gives an interesting account of the state's background—the natural setting, history and folklore, development, culture and recreation. General information for the traveler includes transportation routes, traffic regulations, climate and equipment, photography hints, recreation areas, hunting and fishing regulations, poisonous plants and animals, and a calendar of events.

"There has always been something remote and wonderful about Utah, a flavor of the mysterious and strange. It is a State almost inconceivably immense and varied. It is many things at once: green-carpeted valleys, lonely prairie, unearthly white desert, snow-crowned mountains, blue lakes, dark canyons, and high wooded plateaus."

It was into this wilderness that the strangest pioneers in American history made their way to found the new Zion. Sixty-four pages of gravure photographs portray the life and the country of these Mormons, and following them is a series of tours leading into all parts of the state.

There are special sections on Great Salt Lake, High Uintas primitive area, on Bryce Canyon and Zion national parks, and on the following national monuments: Arches, Capitol Reef, Cedar Breaks, Dinosaur, Natural Bridges, Hovenweep, Timpanogos Cave and Rainbow Bridge.

Rich in the colorful, extravagant history of the West is Nevada, which has retained its frontier character to a marked degree. Its fabulous mineral strikes have created such towns as Virginia City, Austin, Tonopah and Goldfield. The present guide tells the real story of the Comstock Lode and of all the array of characters concerned in that remarkable era. The chapter on Mining and Mining Jargon is of special interest.

To supplement its series of tours there is a four-color pocket map of the state.

Both volumes contain a chronology, reading list and index. UTAH, 595 pages, \$2.50. NEVADA, 315 pages, \$2.50.

• • •

THEY'RE GOOD NEIGHBORS WHEN YOU KNOW THEM

Many of the popular impressions regarding the habits and character of the animals and reptiles on the desert are quite contrary to fact.

But for those who have read Edmund C. Jaeger's *DENIZENS OF THE DESERT*, published in 1922 by Houghton Mifflin company, Boston, the desert birds and reptiles and mammals

are friendly, interesting creatures, belonging essentially to their environment.

In a series of amusing experiences during years of intimate acquaintance with his animal neighbors, Jaeger has shared the pleasures of his observations in popular form, in untechnical language. He has chosen typical species from the most interesting, noticeable and predominant orders, giving a broad view of the life of the region.

Living in a desert shack, which served both as shelter and rendezvous for a host of animal friends, the author observed and recorded their daily life and characteristic behavior with humor and sympathy. His descriptions are so life-like that identification is easily made.

Among the birds introduced are the roadrunner, the cactus, canyon and rock wrens, the phainopepla, Le Conte thrasher, white-crowned sparrow, the gnatcatchers and verdins.

The rodents are represented by the packrats, hermit wood rat, spiny pocket mice, antelope chipmunk, ground squirrels and the hare.

The desert bighorn, coyote, desert lynx and spotted skunk are among the larger mammals described.

Chapters are devoted to the "beetle that stands on his head," the mason bees, black widow spider, and the vinegaroon.

Perhaps of the most interest are those sections describing the reptiles, including various lizards, the chuckawalla, desert tortoise and the little horned rattle, or sidewinder.

This is a companionable book, full of infor-



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CITY STATE



mation without being didactic. It will shatter some of your illusions about those "dangerous" desert animals, but it will add immeasurably to your enjoyment of a desert trip or sojourn. Index, 299 pages, \$3.00.

TOMBSTONE DAYS — AS TOLD BY WYATT EARP

Bat Masterson, one of Wyatt Earp's closest friends and a gun-fighter of high repute, once said, "The real story of the Old West can never be told unless Wyatt Earp tells what he knows; and Wyatt will not talk."

However, in the closing months of his life, Wyatt Earp was persuaded to talk, and it is upon his own words that Stuart N. Lake has based his biography, **WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHAL**.

As with every outstanding man of his day, Earp has been glorified and vilified by writers of pseudo-fact and fiction. Even at the height of his glory, when men were still alive to affirm or deny the tales which were told of him, he was accredited with deeds, both good and bad, of which he had no knowledge whatever. In recent years, since most of his contemporaries have gone to their graves, fiction has run riot with his life.

Mr. Lake carried on a series of conversations with Earp for a period of two years, and talked with many other men who knew the marshal personally. He uncovered newspaper accounts published at the time of his incredible exploits. The result is an unbiased record of Wyatt Earp, his life, and the times of which he was such an integral part.

During his career of enforcing law and taming gunmen, Earp covered the toughest cowtowns and mining camps of the Old West from Wichita, Kansas, to Tombstone. As a gun-fighter on the side of law and order, he made it a point to use his six-shooter as little as necessary, preferring to humble his antagonists by getting the drop on them, or beating them into submission with physical force. He was not a big man, but in his own words, "I never lost a fight."

Weather

FROM PHOENIX BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	63.0
Normal for April	67.0
High on April 29	90.0
Low on April 19	41.0
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	2.12
Normal for April	0.40
Weather—	
Days clear	17
Days partly cloudy	6
Days cloudy	7

G. K. GREENING, Meteorologist

FROM YUMA BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	67.0
Normal for April	69.5
High on April 28	94.0
Low on April 19	45.0
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	0.28
72-year average for April	0.10
Weather—	
Days clear	20
Days partly cloudy	6
Days cloudy	4
Sunshine 86 percent (336 hours out of possible 390).	

Colorado river—Release from Boulder dam 516,000 acre feet. Estimated storage April 30 behind Boulder dam 24,425,000 acre feet.

JAMES H. GORDON, Meteorologist

However, he had no qualms about shooting to kill when the occasion demanded. No man in his position could have long survived otherwise. In recounting his life, Earp went into detail describing the technique of gun-fighting and the mental attitude of the gun-fighter. These, Mr. Lake has preserved in his book, along with specific tricks and records

of the outstanding artists of gunplay of Earp's time.

This book is not only a chronicle of the life and activities of the greatest marshal of the frontier, but also it is a thrilling saga of the west.

Published by Houghton Mifflin Co. in 1931. 375 pages fully indexed. Price \$1.65.

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... on the Desert



ARIZONA

Kingman . . .

First appropriation for Bullhead dam project, 70 miles below Boulder dam on the Colorado river has been approved by the director of the federal budget. Interior department appropriation bill carries an item of \$5,000,000 to build a storage dam and hydro-electric plant at Bullhead, third of the series of reservoir and power projects along the river. At Bullhead 1,600,000 acre feet of water will be impounded, approximately 200,000 horsepower will be generated. National defense council approved plans as emergency defense measure to provide industrial power for Arizona, California and Nevada factories. Program allows three years to complete dam and power plant.

Phoenix . . .

More than 2,000 old-timers attended the 20th Arizona pioneers reunion here, re-electing Lin B. Orme of Phoenix, president, and Sharlot M. Hall of Prescott, vice-president. Ernest F. Kellner of Coolidge was re-appointed secretary treasurer. Each year the state's trail blazers meet as guests of the Arizona Republic.

Flagstaff . . .

Girls will excavate prehistoric sites near Flagstaff during July and August. The diggers are students from Bryn Mawr, the expedition will camp at Walled Hill and their program calls for excavating Basketmaker III sites, under leadership of Dr. Frederica de Laguna.

Window Rock . . .

Navajo tribal councillors have adopted a plan to pool wool and lambs at specified periods in season and to invite bids from outside buyers. A Chin Lee tribal leader told the council "Traders are chiefly responsible for our economic ills. They charge too much for their goods and pay too little for wool, sheep and blankets." A new program for livestock reduction increases maximum limits on stock owned by individuals. This pact was signed before the council by John Collier, Indian commissioner.

Tucson . . .

"Witchcraft" death of a San Carlos Apache Indian brought the killer a nine-year prison sentence in federal court here. Apache Peter Clark said he plunged a knife into the neck of his friend Augustine Macukay because Macukay believed he was possessed of a witch and for the good of the tribe had asked Clark to kill him.

Yuma . . .

Contract has been awarded to Mittry brothers of Los Angeles to build the distribution system on 33,000 acres of the Yuma mesa division of the Gila reclamation project. Canals and laterals for this, the first unit of a 600,000-acre irrigation district, will involve more than 24 miles of digging and concrete lining. Water for the project will be diverted at Imperial dam on the Colorado river. Approximately half of the first unit is public land and will be opened to settlement when the distribution system is completed probably within two years.

Phoenix . . .

"Give our old people pensions or send back to them from the army their sons and grandsons." This was the plea made to Governor Sidney P. Osborn by Indian tribesmen representing the Mojaves, Chemehuevis, Hualpais, Maricopas, Pimas, Cocopahs, Supais and Papagos. Said Mojave R. K. Booth.

"We want justice. We are citizens only when it comes to paying taxes and being drafted into the army. When it comes to voting or receiving old age assistance, we are just wards of the government, not able to think for ourselves." Booth said the state board of social security had declined to accept applications for old age pensions to Indians. Governor Osborn promised to do what he could.

Phoenix . . .

Arizona's wildlife will be defended against damage from national defense projects, according to K. C. Kartchner, state game warden. At suggestion of President Roosevelt, the federal fish and wildlife service has asked the state official to report any threat to wildlife in Arizona, from building of new training bases and other projects, so that steps may be taken to hold this damage to a minimum.

Prescott . . .

Hunters in the Prescott national forest killed 840 deer during the past season, according to a report by Earl Albright, assistant forest supervisor, submitted to the Prescott fish, game and forest protective association. Bert Montgomery is chairman of a special committee to make plans for a drive on coyotes in this district.

Tucson . . .

On display at the state museum here is a single ear of corn, deep red to purple in color, believed to be 940 years old. It was found in 1916 by Dr. Byron Cummings in a prehistoric pueblo of northern Arizona. Corn was native in America, first developed by the Indians. Columbus introduced the crop to Europe, now it is grown throughout the world.

Somerton . . .

Four acres of garlic will be marketed here by McDaniel & son. Quoted at 19c per pound in Los Angeles, the crop is expected to bring its growers in the neighborhood of \$4,000 an acre.

Springerville . . .

Trout fishing in 1941 should be good. In the state's streams and lakes 1,765,992 trout of all sizes were released in 1940 by the Arizona fish and game department. Some of these fish were cut-throats and graylings seven and eight inches long. In the Little Colorado, Alpine creek, Black river and Crescent lake of the Apache national forest more than 800,000 trout were planted. Coconino national forest received 276,000; the Tonto 226,400 and the Sitgreaves 167,000.

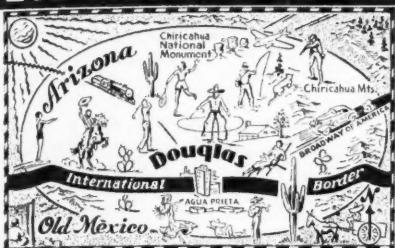
Window Rock . . .

Too many automobiles have been crashing into Indians' wagons on the highways at night. To cut down on these rear-end collisions, the Navajo service has ordered 8,000 reflectors to be fastened to the back of wagons and on the bridle bands of teams.

Copper Creek . . .

Folks living here and at Mammoth had a lot of trouble with the telephone service between the two communities. In fact, things got so bad they couldn't talk at all over the system. Martin E. Tew made an investigation and found somebody had stolen nine miles of the copper line.

In ARIZONA



ABROAD At Home

Come to Douglas on the International Boundary for a visit to foreign lands! Just across the street is Old Mexico—musical, soft-spoken Spanish... strumming guitars... crooked, old-world streets... sombrero'd peons leading quaint little burros... ageless missions standing stark and beautiful against the horizon. The city of Douglas, in striking contrast, presents metropolitan shops, fine schools, modern living accommodations, and facilities for all kinds of outdoor sports including a splendid new all-grass golf course. But, again, just outside of Douglas one finds dude and cattle ranches in the West of yesterday... home of the lariat-throwing cowboy... the land of the Last Frontier. Come to warm, dry, sunny Douglas for play, relaxation, romance and exciting adventure!

Come via Rock Island—Southern Pacific, American Airways or Broadway of America (Highway 80).

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OPPOSITE DEPOT

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\$1.00 — \$1.50 UP

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.

Chamber of Commerce Travel Information Bureau in Lobby

Tucson . . .

Senate committee approval has been voted for an appropriation of \$10,000 to fight disease destroying saguaro and organ pipe cactus. Control measures would be set up in the Saguaro and organ pipe cactus national monuments, where a form of trunk rot is spreading rapidly. Senator Carl Hayden asked for funds to combat the trouble.

Tombstone . . .

The world's largest rose bush, which brings hundreds of tourists to Tombstone every spring, was in full bloom on schedule in April. The bush is in the patio of a local hotel, covers an area so large 100 persons can be seated under it.

• • • CALIFORNIA

Needles . . .

Mojave and Chemehuevi Indians have appealed to the federal government for immediate payment of cash for loss of tribal lands flooded by Lake Havasu and Parker dam. Petitions sent to Washington point out that the Metropolitan water district of California has paid for the land but the tribes have never received the money. Congress voted to compensate the reservations and the president signed the bill July 9, 1940.

Winterhaven . . .

Quechan Indians of the Yuma reservation have asked Uncle Sam to help them in establishing a community farm on their lands. They want a tractor and other heavy equipment, an appropriation for farm operation and maintenance. In a petition to John Collier, director of Indian affairs, the Quechans complain of land abuses. Of 1,000 families on the reservation, about 500 are trying to subsist on 10-acre farms.

Indio . . .

Because wildflower display in Coachella valley this year was "not spectacular enough to warrant an extensive advertising program," Indio chamber of commerce voted to return to donors \$425 collected for radio broadcasts. The 1941 wildflower crop is well worth seeing, said c of c directors, but they feared kick-back if over-exploited.

Blythe . . .

Westbound traffic over the California border bridge at Blythe on the Colorado river in first half of April showed substantial increase over the volume for the same period in 1940. Senior quarantine inspector Robert Campbell reports 6,564 cars entered the state at Blythe during first 15 days of April this year, against a record of 4,833 cars for the period last year. Total for cars, trucks and stages was 7,876, compared with 6,103 in the 1940 period.

Palm Springs . . .

Approximately 4,000 visitors registered at the Palm Springs desert museum during the season of 1941. Valuable services of the museum staff included lectures and field trips.

Calexico . . .

Dedicated to Captain Juan Bautista de Anza and his courageous companions on the historic treks across southern Arizona and California in 1774-1775, a monument has been erected by the Desert Cavalcade association and the Anza Riders organization of Riverside. The monument, built of native rock is situated on a bluff west of Calexico overlooking the Yuha desert basin where the Anza party camped. Preliminary dedication program was held May 10 at the site of the monument.



Dear Bill;

Meet me tonight at
HOTEL BEALE in Kingman,
the ideal overnight stop
between Boulder Dam and
Grand Canyon.
It is Air Conditioned
throughout, has a nice
cocktail lounge, fountain
and coffee shop.
Friends tell me it's a
"home away from home."

Regards,

Jim

HOTEL BEALE—KINGMAN

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THE
TOWN
TOO
TOUGH
TO
DIE!

- Visit Arizona's most unique tourist town, Tombstone, where the West really began. See the Bird Cage theater, the World's largest rose tree, Boot Hill Graveyard, where those who died with their boots on are buried. Steeped in history and legend is the Sheep's Head, Crystal Palace and Bob Hatch's Saloons, the Toughnut mine, Lucky Cuss mine. See the Oriental Saloon, Tombstone Epitaph and the most dramatic spot in all the West—where Wyatt Earp saved the life of Johnny-Behind-the-Deuce.
- For a free copy of Tombstone Epitaph and descriptive literature write to Box E, Chamber of Commerce.

TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA

WHEN IN HISTORIC
TOMBSTONE
THE TOWN TOO TOUGH TO DIE
STOP AT MODERN, NEW
BOOTHILL

Daggett . . .

One hundred and sixty pioneers in the Daggett-Yermo-Barstow sector of the Mojave desert gathered at the ranch home of Judge Dix Van Dyke May 4 for an Old-Timers' Day that is to become an annual event in future years. Veterans of that frontier period when mining and freighting were the main occupations in this area, met in reunion for the first time in many years and exchanged recollections of the early days.

Imperial . . .

Sam Webb of Holtville whose residence in Imperial Valley dates from 1903, was elected president of the Imperial valley pioneers association at the annual meeting here. Speed in completing the pioneers museum was pledged by association members, who promised to deposit historic relics in the museum.

Other officers: Mrs. O. G. Carleton of Imperial, re-elected secretary-treasurer; directors, Dan Grumbles of Mesquite Lake; J. D. Huston of Imperial, T. D. McCall of Imperial, Roy Kincaid of Calexico, J. V. Taggart of Holtville, Dan Wiest of Brawley, D. E. Teel of Mulberry, Roy E. Breedlove of El Centro, Elmer Forrester of McCabe-Eucalyptus, C. F. Boarts of Westmorland, and H. A. Hastain of Brawley. Attending the picnic at the county fair grounds were 350 pioneers and their families.

NEVADA

Goldfield . . .

Goldfield's Easter parade was made on skis and snowshoes. Heaviest storm of the season covered the town with 15 inches of snow by noon Saturday and didn't stop there. By Sunday morning side streets and

walks outside the main section of the town were blocked. Paths to churches were shoveled to enable worshippers to attend services.

Lovelock . . .

If the federal government completes the deal, Uncle Sam will set up 50 farmers on 50 completely equipped and stocked farms in Lovelock valley. Option has been taken by the farm security administration on the 10,000 acre Rogers ranch, largest holding in Pershing county, and probably the largest acreage of tillable ground on any Nevada ranch. Under proposed plans for settlement, Nevada farmers will be given preference in selecting colonizers.

Fallon . . .

Harold Peer of Fallon has been appointed Nevada state game warden.

Pahrump . . .

Fourth largest artesian well in the world was drilled recently in the Pahrump district of southern Nye county, says a report from A. M. Smith, state engineer. The well is on property owned by H. D. Cornell, and flows at the rate of about 3500 gallons per minute. Smith urges appointment of an artesian water supervisor for the district, in which four large artesian wells have been developed during the past two years.

Boulder City . . .

When city manager Sims Ely, 79 years old, retired recently, John C. Page, commissioner of the federal bureau of reclamation, gave him credit for this community's reputation as a "model government town." Boulder City was constructed to house workmen and engineers who built Boulder dam. In the fall of 1931 the city was an engineer's tent on a trackless desert mesa. One year later nearly 1,000 dwellings with modern facilities sheltered the city's 5,000 inhabitants. In 1933 and 1934, during peak of construction work on the dam, Boulder City was second largest city in Nevada, with a population of 6,000. After the dam was completed, the population steadied at about 3,000, its present figure. Ely served as city manager from October 1931, when the city was a city on paper and when Boulder dam was no more than a hole in the Colorado riverbed. Ely used to be a newspaper man.

NEW MEXICO

Santa Fe . . .

World war has brought a new assignment to Pop Chalee, Taos Indian artist. (Desert Magazine October 1939 p. 3) She is painting designs for decoration of powder boxes and perfume cases, work done in Paris until the holocaust of destruction swept through France with mechanized slaughter. Products of internationally known cosmetic manufacturers will now be sold in packages carrying southwestern Indian art, copied from ancient pottery.

Las Cruces . . .

Due to exceptionally good moisture conditions, prospects for new feed are best in years, outlook for New Mexico's livestock ranges is excellent. For the state as a whole precipitation in March was three times normal. Cattle losses were light during the winter, demand is good, prices higher, very few head for sale. April condition of ranges was reported at 86 per cent, compared with 81 per cent average for past 10 years.

Farmington . . .

When the Farmington Times-Hustler offered to accept eggs in payment for subscriptions to the newspaper, results were overwhelming. Last few days in March the editor received 533 dozen eggs.

Water that comes from the Melting Snows

The pioneers who built their homes and developed their ranches in the Imperial valley of California faced two great annual hazards:

In May and June when the snows were melting in the Rocky mountains a flood of water came down the Colorado river, bringing the threat of broken levees and inundated farmlands. And when the flood had passed there was always the danger that an abnormally dry season would threaten the growing crops with drouth.

Today these dangers are a thing of the past. Boulder dam and the All-American canal are in operation and water is released from the great reservoir of Lake Mead as it is needed — never too much, never too little.

Imperial Valley today enjoys security not surpassed by any irrigation project in the West. And the Imperial Irrigation district, a cooperative concern, is delivering water at a cost per acre much below the average in California.

The same water that irrigates the lands also drives the generators for a cooperatively owned power system.

Here is a reclaimed desert area where crops grow 12 months in the year, where water and power are abundant and moderate in cost—where you can live in the outdoors and enjoy the freedom and independence of life on a western ranch.

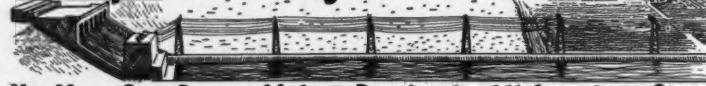
For particulars address any of the Imperial Valley Chambers of Commerce at

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Use Your Own Power—Make it Pay for the All American Canal

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Santa Fe . . .

Former territorial governor George Curry, 80 years old, is now custodian for the famous old Lincoln county courthouse, from which Billy the Kid once escaped. A bill giving Curry the \$600-a-year job was passed unanimously by the state legislature, "for the sole purpose of showing our appreciation to a good public servant," said senate floor leader Burton Roach. Curry began his political career in 1892 as sheriff of Lincoln county. He was president of the territorial senate, captain of the Rough Riders, first civil governor of a Philippines province, Manila, P. I., chief of police, governor of New Mexico, member of the 62nd congress and member of the international boundary commission.

Alamogordo . . .

People today don't know what hardships are. Take the word of 87-year-old Mrs. Lillie E. Clasner of Picacho for it. She migrated to Roswell by wagon train in 1867. A breakdown was responsible on the journey for six months wait while repairs were made. "During all that time," Mrs. Clasner recalls, "we had practically nothing to eat but meat, much of the time we had no salt."

Gallup . . .

Research editor of the Gallup Gazette reports Navajo women, like their white sisters, use cosmetics. Most popular with the tribe-women is red ochre from the hills, compounded at home with mutton tallow.

Raton . . .

Because there was no traffic fatality in Raton during 1940, this city has been placed on the honor roll of the national traffic safety council, the only community of between 5,000 and 10,000 population in New Mexico receiving this distinction.

Albuquerque . . .

During February and March 13 Laguna Indians volunteered for training in the U. S. army. Ten more Lagunas were drafted during the 60-day period. Thirty-eight Indians have enrolled in the army from Valencia county, 17 of them volunteers.

Tucumcari . . .

Runoff from the Conchas dam watershed is rapidly filling the reservoir. In April the depth of water at the dam was 143 feet. The water level stood then four feet above the outlet. The level will reach main spillways when the water is 186 feet deep at the dam, storage amounting at that stage to 400,000 acre feet. (Desert Magazine Mar. 1941, p. 11.)

Hobbs . . .

In 1930 Hobbs had 598 residents. In 1940 it had 10,619. This gain of 1675.8 percent in ten years makes Hobbs the fastest growing community in the United States, among the cities of 10,000 or more. Officially this honor is bestowed by the federal census bureau.

• • •

UTAH

Zion National Park . . .

Spring is luring visitors from outside states and officials of Zion and Bryce national parks expect a bumper crop of tourists this season. In Zion checkers listed more than 3000 cars between January and April, at Bryce about the same number was checked.

Salt Lake City . . .

Water supply outlook for southern counties of Utah is best in years, says T. H. Humphreys, state engineer, in a statewide summary. Information was compiled from re-

ports of 40 U. S. weather bureau stations, 65 co-operative snow courses and water commissioners on principal streams. Accumulated precipitation on the valley floor of the state as a whole is improved over 1940, Humphreys reports, southern part of the state receiving the greater share.



For Your Tack Room . . .

. . . SELDOM have you seen a more perfectly proportioned miniature thoroughbred. Artistic, lifelike, showing every muscle and contour, an object of beauty and value. Weighing about 9 lbs., can be used as an attractive and colorful door stop.

. . . shown in dappled grey, can also be had in black, with white face and stockings; in bay or sorrel. height 10 1/2"; weight, 9 lbs.; shipped anywhere in U. S. A., postpaid . . .

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When the summer sun beats down and you yearn for a tall glass tinkling with ice, you'll appreciate the coolness of a room protected by LIFETIME steel slat Venetian blinds. They effectively eliminate the glare and shadows from bright sunlight. But they leave the room well-lighted with a maximum of ventilation.

LIFETIME flexible steel slats come in 24 beautiful pastel shades. They are protected by Electro-galvanizing and the LIFE-ERIZING paint adhesive process, two coats of baked enamel, and the exclusive STA-WAX process. Venetian blinds made with LIFETIME slats may be purchased from better Venetian blind dealers and manufacturers in your community.

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LAS CRUCES

BROADWAY COURT — A luxurious tourist's home. Tile baths. Locked garages. Air-cooled. Steam heat. Clean, large rooms. Rates \$1.50 up.

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SAGEBRUSH INN — Outstanding in Taos; Frank and Helen Kentnor, management. All rooms with bath from \$3.50 for two. Noted for fine food. Listed in both Duncan Hines' books.

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CARLSBAD CAVERNS NATIONAL PARK — is at White City, New Mexico. Accommodations for 600 guests. Cafe, Bar, Drug Store, Curios. Rates \$1.00 up.

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LIBERTY CAFE — "Finest restaurant on U. S. Highway 66." Tourists, come as you are. Steak, Chicken or Mountain trout complete dinners 50c. Ask us about scenic attractions near Albuquerque. 105 W. Central.

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SANTA FE

THE BISHOP'S LODGE — New Mexico's finest Ranch Resort in the foothills near Santa Fe. Splendid accommodations, excellent cuisine; with riding; all outdoor sports. American Plan. Booklet.

HACIENDA DE LOS CERROS — Every modern comfort in old Spanish estate two miles from center of Santa Fe. Excellent meals. Fine saddle horses. Lincoln motors. References exchanged.

THE SANTA FE INN — A hotel of distinction. 35 rooms, each with bath; \$8.00 upwards, American Plan. Cocktail lounge. Tennis courts. Riding stables. Season opens May 15th.

HOTEL DE VARGAS — Your Santa Fe home while you see the Indian country. A friendly welcome awaits the Santa Fe visitor who chooses this completely modern hotel. Right in the center of everything there is to see and do, you will enjoy your stay in Santa Fe when you stay at the De Vargas. Rates, \$1.50 up.

LA POSADA INN and APARTMENTS — in old Santa Fe. Located two blocks from the Plaza, center of all Santa Fe activity, La Posada offers the widest variety of entertainment, swimming, tennis, riding, sports. Home of the famous Cactus Tea Room. Just the place to rest or play. Every modern comfort and moderate rates.

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Largest and finest hotel in the Pecos valley. Modern, Fireproof, Unexcelled in service. Guest rooms and public spaces. Mechanically air conditioned, Rates \$1.50 to \$2.50 single.—Free Parking. Come as you are. Follow the signs!

BEAUTY REST COURTS — Accommodations for 100 guests. Air-cooled. Tiled showers and baths. Beautyrest mattresses. Kitchenettes. Single and multiple room apts. On U. S. Highway 62-285. Close in.

ROSWELL

NICKSON HOTEL — Roswell's finest hotel, logical stop-over to and from the Carlsbad Caverns. 125 comfortable outside rooms; neatly furnished; air-cooled. Rates \$1.50 up. Coffee shop in hotel recommended by Duncan Hines in "Adventures in Good Eating." Free parking.

DEMING

You can't go wrong if you select the **PARK HOTEL** — for your overnight stop. Highway travelers enjoy every minute of their stay at this hospitable hotel and so will you.

CACTUS GROWERS PLAN EXHIBITION IN JUNE

Seventh annual Los Angeles Cactus show, arranged by the Southwest Cactus Growers and sponsored by the Los Angeles recreation department, will be held June 14 and 15 at Manchester Playground, 8800 South Hoover street. Hours are 1:00 p. m. to 10:00 p. m. the first day, and 10:00 a. m. to 6:00 p. m. on Sunday.

Seventeen thousand people attended last year's show and more are expected this year. Some of the finest collections of cacti and other succulents in the country will be on display, all plants named and provided with information as to native habitat, color of flowers, etc.

An additional feature this year will be a display of minerals and colored glass. Everyone is invited and admission is free.

Show manager is George Olin, assisted by John Akers, Harry Beam, Carl Hoffman and E. S. Taylor.

The Cactus and Succulent society of America and its 42 affiliated clubs in America, Canada, Australia, Japan and other countries will hold its first International Convention at the Missouri Botanical Gardens in St. Louis, Missouri, July 4 and 5.

Cactus clubs and Desert Plant clubs not affiliated with the society are invited to send delegates to represent them in the discussions.

TRUE OR FALSE ANSWERS

Questions on page 19

- 1—False. Mirages are often seen on winter mornings.
- 2—True.
- 3—False. Apaches were the most warlike.
- 4—False. Colorado river Indians still gather the fruit of the squaw bush for edible purposes.
- 5—False. Rainbow bridge is in Utah.
- 6—False. The salt cedar blossoms range from pink to lavender.
- 7—True.
- 8—False. The Snake clan is assisted by the Antelope clan.
- 9—True.
- 10—False. Diamond is the hardest.
- 11—False. 12—True.
- 13—False. New Mexico was the 47th and Arizona the 48th.
- 14—True. 15—True.
- 16—True. 17—True.
- 18—False. Death Valley was named by members of the Manly party.
- 19—True.
- 20—False. Mt. Whitney, highest peak in U. S. is visible from much of the Mojave desert.

STUDENTS AND HOBBYISTS ALIKE FIND THE

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LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Mines and Mining . . .

Washington, D. C. . .

Department of the interior agents are hunting 50,000 men in the western states. More than 8,000,000 acres of public domain must be made available for national defense projects. Holders of mining claims, some dating back as much as 70 years, must be located. In negotiations for the half-million acre bombing range on the Mojave desert in California government officials took up the search for several thousand recorded claimants.

Silver City, New Mexico . . .

Peru mining company has bought United States copper company properties at Hanover, announces Joseph H. Taylor, manager of the Peru company. New owners intend to expand operations, increasing zinc output to meet national defense program demands. Mine at Hanover and mill at Deming have been operating at capacity, largest zinc producer in this district.

Phoenix, Arizona . . .

Arizona's department of mineral resources has compiled a list of 666 mines in the state available for sale or lease, or requiring financing. Gold properties account for nearly half the total, with 304 lode mines and 14 placers. Other classifications include: copper, 84; silver, 72; nonmetallics, 51; lead, 36; manganese, 32; tungsten, 20; quicksilver, 18; molybdenum, 16; vanadium, 8; zinc, 5, and miscellaneous metals, 6. Nonmetallics list amethyst, iceland spar, asbestos, bentonite, barium, lime, beryllium, fluorspar, talc, graphite, dumortierite, feldspar, opal, jade, garnet, thenardite, gypsum, turquoise, mica, magnesium, vermiculite, jeffreysite, strontium, onyx, diatomaceous earth, dolomite and obsidian. Prices range from about \$500 up.

Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

Started in May 1937, the 4 1/2-mile Elton tunnel, a giant mining project designed at a cost of \$1,250,000 to drain the Anaconda copper owned Apex and Delaware properties, is nearing completion under the Oquirrh mountains from Tooele valley to upper Birmingham. The bore is 11 feet wide and 12 feet high. Crews working in three shifts have driven ahead through difficulties, working sometimes in the face of waterfalls pouring out at a rate of upward of 600 gallons a minute. Water from the tunnel after completion will be used to irrigate semi-arid Tooele valley. Steady flow of about 3500 gallons a minute is expected.

Globe, Arizona . . .

Arizona produced in 1940 asbestos greatly in demand and most of it came from Gila county, said Dr. T. C. Chapman, dean of the college of mines of Arizona university, in an address to members of the Gila county chamber of commerce. Chapman said asbestos is one of 14 critical materials used in defense of the United States. Nine of these critical materials, he said, are minerals for which the government has set aside \$400,000,000. This country has a better supply of critical materials than any other nation, he declared.

Kingman, Arizona . . .

In the United States bureau of mines laboratory at Boulder City, Nevada, 2500 tons

of manganese ore from the Artillery Peak district in the southern end of Mohave county, Arizona will be tested. Artillery peak manganese deposits are among the largest in the country, but general average of ore is below requirements of present market. Government laboratory tests will aim at finding a method of economical concentration. Robert S. Sanford, bureau of mines engineer in charge of the Artillery peak investigation reports 1,000 tons of ore in bins, ready for testing. Trucks are hauling the ore to Boulder City.

Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

Running full blast to fill essential needs of the United States are domestic copper and copper fabricating industries and American-owned copper mines in South America. This is the summary of the copper situation as given by Cornelius Kelley, chairman of the board of the Anaconda copper company. Present consumption, which will increase, is running practically equal to present capacity production of mines in this country, about 35,000 tons a month, and normal capacity output of American-owned mines in South America, about 50,000 tons a month, Kelley said in an interview here.

Winnemucca, Nevada . . .

Freepost sulphur company is testing geology of the Majuba hill tin deposits near Im-

lay in Pershing county, it is reported here. Freeport, one of the world's largest sulphur producers, has taken option on a group of claims, several samples of tin ore have been received at the Nevada offices of the company in Reno.

Mill City, Nevada . . .

To treat 25 tons of ore daily a concentrating mill has been completed at the Bloody canyon antimony mine near here. Pioneers say the Bloody canyon got its name from battles between whites and Indians. It was a producer of antimony in 1851, when ore was shipped by mule teams and river barges to San Francisco and thence to Bristol, England, for treatment.

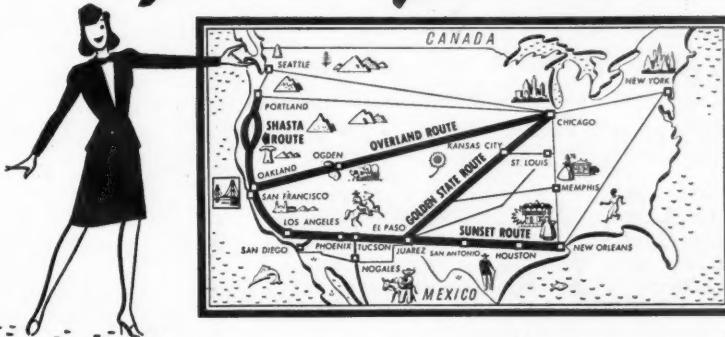
Prescott, Arizona . . .

Miners, along with farmers, are rejoicing because of winter's heavy rains and snows. Yavapai county placers are busy fields, with water problems solved for this year. Springs dry for a long time are flowing again. Dredgers give thanks as they start equipment with good results.

Pioche, Nevada . . .

With a crushing unit capacity of 120 tons of ore per hour, Combined metals reduction company's new \$600,000 mill will go into operation in June, it is announced here. The mill will handle complex lead-zinc ores, capacity will probably be doubled soon, the management says. When mines and mill are running at capacity, about 450 men will be employed and Pioche will become one of the nation's leading zinc-lead camps. Combined Metals is controlled by National lead company.

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TUNE IN! KNX WEDNESDAYS 9:15 P. M.

Desert Place Names

Magazine is indebted to the research work done by the late Will C. Barnes, author of "Arizona Place Names;" to Betty Toulouse of New Mexico, Hugh F. O'Neil of Utah, Marie Lomas of Nevada, and Charles Battye of California.

ARIZONA

APACHE

Cochise county

On E. P. & S. W. rr north of Douglas, named "to remember the old days of the Apache raids," says Barnes. A monument erected to commemorate the surrender of Geronimo and his band in 1886 was dedicated here April 29, 1934. The surrender was a few miles away in Skeleton canyon. P. O. established May 22, 1908, John W. Richart, p. m.

BADGER AND SOAP CREEKS

Coconino county

Two small streams entering Colorado river about 10 miles west of Lee's Ferry. Fish writes, "Jacob Hamblin killed a badger on one of these creeks. It was carried to another creek and put on the fire to boil. In the morning, instead of stew, the alkali in the water and the fat from the

badger had resulted in a kettle of soap. Hence the names."

CALIFORNIA

LEADFIELD

Inyo county

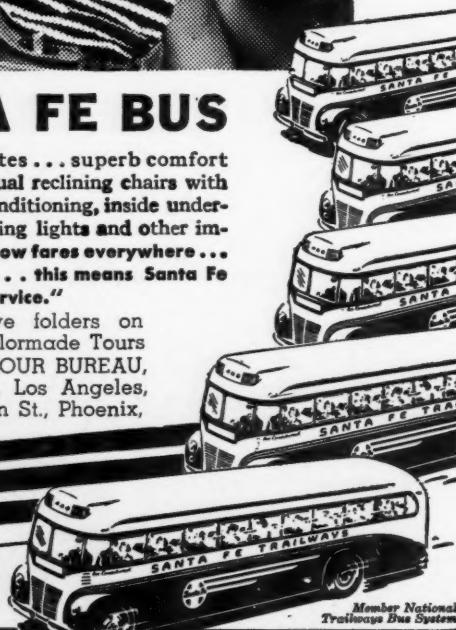
Ghost town in Death Valley national monument. According to the American guide series, Death Valley volume, this community boomed in 1925 and 1926 as a result of the skillful work of a promoter who controlled a large deposit of very low-grade lead ore. Groups of investors were brought in for inspection tours, and soon a town was built in the deep canyon, so narrow there was room for no more than a single street. When no more people could be lured to investment Leadfield "swiftly passed from 24-hour activity to desert silence." Within a few years thrifty desert men had carted away most of the houses for use in more accessible



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Gems and Minerals

This department of the Desert Magazine is reserved as a clearing house for gem and mineral collectors and their societies. Members of the "rock-hound" fraternity are invited to send in news of their field trips, exhibits, rare finds, or other information which will be of interest to collectors.

ARTHUR L. EATON, Editor

DO YOU KNOW THAT OPALS—

- never form crystals, but are amorphous.
- owe their play of color to water inclusions.
- are vitreous to greasy in luster.
- are transparent to translucent.
- were highly valued by the ancients as amulets.
- were ranked by Pliny next to emeralds.
- were in more recent times supposed to bring misfortune and disaster to their owner. This unpopularity was due to Sir Walter Scott's novel "Anne of Geierstein." True reason for superstition may be opals' mutability, and the fact that they sometimes break in mounting.
- have specific gravity of 1.95 to 2.3.
- appear in almost every known color.
- are formed from gelatinous silica deposited in cracks and cavities from aqueous solution.
- water content varies from 1 to 14%; 6 to 10% is precious opal.
- are liable to crack unless occasionally immersed in water.
- dehydrated, are called hydrophane; cloudy white but may be made transparent by immersion in water.
- containing inclusions of manganese oxide are called moss opals.
- may be pseudomorphs after wood, bones or shells.
- may be deposited from hot springs in a cauliflower-like structure called geyserite or siliceous sinter. Diatomaceous earth or tripolite is classified under opal.
- are isotropic.
- are not found in the Orient.
- came first from Czerwenitza near Kaschau, Czechoslovakia.
- common varieties are widely distributed.
- precious varieties come from Australia (New South Wales), Honduras, Mexico, Nevada, Idaho, Hungary.
- have index of refraction of 1.44 to 1.46, varying with water content.
- were the favorite gem of Queen Victoria, who used them as gifts whenever possible.
- are becoming increasingly popular.
- are the October birthstone.

STRATEGIC MINERALS

MANGANESE

Used as an alloy to harden steel, for bank safes, armor plates, guns, armored tanks, etc.

Chief minerals:

Pyrolusite—a soft, black ore, so soft that it smudges the fingers. Heavy (specific gravity 4.82), opaque, dull, with blue black streak. Often occurs in great crumbly masses.

Psilomelane—similar to pyrolusite, but much harder (almost 6.). Color, grey, brown or black; streak, brownish black and lustrous. Usually found in botryoidal masses mixed with pyrolusite.

There are more than 150 other manganese minerals, but few of them become important as ores of the metal.

OFFICERS ELECTED FOR SAN FERNANDO SOCIETY

New officers of San Fernando valley mineral society are W. D. Taylor, North Hollywood, president; Roland Campbell, vice-president; Miss Marjorie Kennedy, 5312 Colfax Avenue, North Hollywood, secretary; Mrs. Peyton Randolph, treasurer; Mrs. Geo. McPhee, publicity and membership chairman; Frank Donald, display chairman; Larry Highly, hospitality chairman; Mrs. Claude Anderson, librarian; Mr. Lawton, field trip chairman; Charles Clark, associate advisor. The regular meetings are held at the North Hollywood recreation center, the second Thursday of each month at 7:00 p. m. A guest speaker is invited for each meeting, a member of the society gives a 10 minute talk on some mineral, a short business meeting and a social get-together comprises the evening's program.

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WINTER-BOUND ROCKHOUND

BY HAZEL GOFF

Winter's tough on roamin' Rockhounds,
Keeps 'em home—well, more or less—
Pawin' over last year's treasures,
Cravin' action, they'll confess.
Sortin', chippin', lickin', dreamin',
Fixin' rocks upon new shelves,
Growlin' 'bout the rain, and kickin',
Just can't quite content themselves.

Spring's a-comin' 'round the corner,
Bringin' days all warm and bright;
She'll be skippin' o'er the hillsides,
Tossin' bouquets left and right;
Bringin' hope and joy and gladness
To the restive Rockhound's heart,
"Weather's perfect for a field trip,
Come on fellers, when'd we START?"

Summer's hottest day will find him,
Squattin' on some blazin' hill,
Peckin', lickin', sweatin', gruntin',
Tryin' hard, his sack to fill;
Leather neck a-gettin' browner,
Hair a-stringin' in his eyes,
But he wipes the sweat and chuckles,
As he bags another prize.

Fall will catch him still a-huntin',
Makin' most of every day;
Knowin' Winter soon is comin',
Drawin' nearer,—best "make hay,"
Ah! That pile of precious plunder
Swells and ever grows apace,
It will see him through the Winter,
When he can't go any place!

RAMBLING ROCKNUTS

On a rock-collecting and trading trip through the Southwest with her husband, Bertha Greeley Brown kept a notebook of her experiences—the places visited and the "rocknuts" she met along the way—and is writing about them for Desert Magazine hobbyists. This is the sixth in her series.

"**W**hat town will we make today?" My husband asked early one morning, ignoring a neat schedule worked out to a definite scale.

"Let's see," I replied, "first tell me where we are now."

"By all indications, somewhere in Texas." E. K. looked at me questioningly.

"My sense of geography has broken down too," he admitted. "I'd like to stay right here for a while." So, we stayed two weeks at the foot of Mt. Paisano which stands benign and stately looking out over the southernmost spur of the Rocky mountains.

Brown hills of western Texas folded about us like arms in a friendly embrace and the people we met were gracious. We visited the museum at the Sul Ross college at Alpine, the McDonald observatory in the Davis mountains, and we were guests of Everett Townsend, father of the Big Bend park project, at a cattle round-up near Marfa. As usual, we talked "rocks" but these Texans were busy pursuing academics, celestial bodies and beef on the hoof so we met few kindred souls moving in the rocky realm.

• • •

Alone, we prospected diligently and found virgin fields of agate of different types and many chalcedony crystals and geodes. One day, when scouting toward Hot Springs, close to the

Rio Grande, we met A. J. Parkhurst, dean of the Sul Ross college, who was on a biological field trip with a group of students. They were all interested in our rocks. In turn we asked them many questions about the fauna and flora of the locality.

Dean Parkhurst explained, "It is more closely related to the wildlife in Mexico than to conditions elsewhere in the United States. A complete botanical exploration of the Chisos mountain territory has never been made yet over 800 species of plants have been identified."

Pretty Mary Poyntos stood close by with her eyes on our rocks, her mind on a coming football game and her fingers deftly plying knitting needles—"knit one, purl two" she counted, then glanced about reflectively and offered, "On the Black Bull ranch near Mountain Home, Texas, where I was raised, there are simply gorgeous geodes." I looked at E. K. and could see he was mentally tabulating, "Mountain Home, geodes, next year."

Coming in from a hunt one evening, we stopped at the Standard station in the west end of Alpine, Texas. My attention was fixed on a Mexican who stood in a far corner of the lot, looking intently into a small pen made of chicken wire fencing.

"Say, Jackson," he called to the man filling our gas tank, "Those two fellows I put in here

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yesterday are gone." Jackson looked grim as he threw back, "They are? The d— murderous—" I never heard the finish of his vehemence for I had left the car and was moving quickly to where the Mexican stood. I sensed tragedy and wanted the story first hand. We both backed away to a safe distance while the Mexican prodded with an iron bar at a sluggish mass of mottled coil.

"He's the devil that does it. The big rattler."

"Does what?" I asked.

"Well, I put ten in here for Jackson and I can find only eight now."

"Oh," I gasped in amazement. "So rattlers are cannibals!"

This was my introduction to the W. D. Jackson hobbies that cover a wide and mixed range including snakes, performing dogs, jewelry from a tomb in India, Indian relics, cacti and rocks beyond count. In the backyard was a table overflowing with chalcedony crystals and decorated with the sign "For Sale." Inside the station were specimens of wider variety and greater value. About these, the owner spun yarns romantic, historical and gruesome.

Mr. Jackson was rather canny about revealing mineral localities. We understood his reason and it inspired no resentment. E. K. and I criticize no one for withholding information about gem-stone deposits from the outsider, especially commercially minded persons.

We are not in the latter class but have had the opportunity to see too many fields wantonly stripped of all good material by "commercials" whose places of business are hundreds of miles from the locality. I see no measure of fairness in such practice.

• • •

To the geological student, the Carlsbad cavern is a magnificent lesson in subterranean erosion. Limestone formed in a shallow extension of the ocean some 200,000,000 years ago. Eventually this was raised to a high elevation and waters, charged with carbon dioxide, carved out of this solid rock a fantastic fairyland. It was impossible for me to feel casual in the presence of such lavishly fluted and draped art.

There was a rhythmic shuffle, shuffle of feet as hundreds of tourists moved down into the maw of the cave, two abreast. Walking ahead of us were mother and daughter who excitedly expressed their feelings as they descended into the bowels of the earth on buoyant spirits and French heels. The latter served them poorly for at times they wobbled perilously upon the brink of eternity. With each near catastrophe they gave shrill little exclamations that struck sharply against the deep hush of unmeasured cavernous wells.

Someone stepped in line with E. K. and in low tones explained the Saracenic architecture pointing out transepts festooned with calcite formations, aragonite "frostwork," "stone woman at the organ," etc.

"I'm rather dippy about rocks." His words startled me. I'm used to rocknouts popping up in the most unexpected places but to find one underground was new experience.

"I'd like to get my rocks cut and polished," he continued.

"I'll do the work for you on shares." E. K. answered and I, automatically, tore a leaf from my note book, wrote my husband's name and address and for this received a slip of paper on which was printed, "Malcolm T. Bull, ranger, Park service."

Hours later we came to the surface, stepped from behind the Alice in Wonderland looking glass into a cold biting wind and the bright sunshine of reality. We walked briskly toward our car without speaking for there are times when words are disturbing combers that break roughly upon the hallowed shores of reverent thought.

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AMONG THE ROCK HUNTERS

Wendell O. Stewart spoke on minerals of Old Mexico at the April meeting of Los Angeles mineralogical society. Stewart displayed articles of Mexican handicraft. The society visited Palmdale April 27th for specimens of steatite, actinolite, manganite, nickel and piedmontite.

Washington state chamber of mines, Seattle, announces the completion of its first publication, American mineral guide and collectors directory, a 112 page volume listing all known mineral areas of America of interest to collectors and cataloguing outstanding collections. The book sells for \$1.00.

A small amount of bright pink rhodochrosite has been identified in the new marble quarry, near the top of Mountain Springs grade in San Diego county, California. Both the rhodochrosite and the accompanying marble are highly metamorphic. The specimen quality of both is excellent.

Kenneth B. McMahan, gem and curio dealer of Jacumba, California, reports the presence of a deposit of coquimbite in Carrizo gorge, on the right-of-way of the San Diego and Arizona railway. Coquimbite is hydrous sulphate of iron. Among its distinctive characteristics are its whitish to yellowish color and low specific gravity. It is much lighter than the surrounding quartz or limestone.

The presence of beryllium or beryl in Carrizo gorge, California, has long been suspected, and some small pieces have even been found there, but it remained for a small grammar school boy to find the first crystal, in the wash in the bottom of the canyon. The crystal is pale bluish green aquamarine, in quartz.

Matthew M. Reese, vice president and general manager of the Reese production corporation of Glamis, California, created excitement in the First National bank of Holtville, California, recently when he brought in a large button of retort gold. The "button," which represents about ten days' "take" of the company mine, weighs seven pounds avoirdupois, and is worth \$3,500 at present prices. The Reese corporation is the successor of the Desert Gold and Aluminum corporation of Seattle.

Dr. Norton and family, new owners of Ocotillo, near Coyote Wells, Imperial county, California, have become deeply interested in the remarkable fossils of the region. Their collection is rapidly becoming one of the best fossil collections in the west. Best of all, they welcome interested visitors with true desert hospitality.

Washington state chamber of mines has just received several new specimens from various members, among them four from E. M. Hayward in Mexico and a very interesting concretionary specimen, pierced by what appears to be an arrow point, from P. A. Henderson. A beautiful polished mossy jasper came from an anonymous lady, along with several samples of Washington ores.

Earl Calvert and Wendell Stewart were speakers at the April meeting of Santa Monica gemological society. They showed colored slides and gem specimens collected on their recent Mexican expedition. The society made an overnight field trip to Opal mountain April 19-20. The group plans a gemological show May 17-18 at Miles memorial playhouse, Seventh street, Santa Monica.

Lloyd Richardson acted as guide for Imperial Valley gem and mineral society on a field trip April 26-27 to Turtle mountains. This district is rich in quartz and chalcedony specimens.

C. D. Woodhouse was speaker at the April meeting of Long Beach mineralogical society. His subject was California mineral locations, a timely topic with vacation time fast approaching. April field trip was made to Lead Pipe springs for blue agate geodes.

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BOOKS FOR THE ROCKHOUNDS

Here is a select list of books for both the amateur and advanced student in gem collecting and mineralogy.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH MINERALS, G. L. English. Fine introduction to mineralogy. 258 illustrations, 324 pages \$2.50

LEGENDS OF GEMS, H. L. Thomson. Elementary principles of gems and gem cutting. 136 pages \$1.15

HANDBOOK FOR THE AMATEUR LAPIDARY, J. H. Howard. One of the best guides for the beginner gemcutter. 140 pages. Good illustration \$2.00

QUARTZ FAMILY MINERALS, Dake, etc. New and authoritative handbook for the mineral collector. Illustrated. 304 pages \$2.50

MINERAL IDENTIFICATION SIMPLIFIED, O. C. Smith. Complete table of all known minerals with simple methods of testing for identification. Gives specific gravity, hardness, color, streak, luster, cleavage and composition. Index. 271 pages \$3.50

DESCRIPTIVE LIST of the New Minerals 1892 to 1938, by G. L. English. For advanced collectors. 258 pages \$2.50

FIELD BOOK OF COMMON ROCKS AND MINERALS, by Frederic Brewster Loomis. Fine handbook for collectors. Beautifully illustrated. Includes 67 colored plates for identifying gem crystals. \$3.50

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"Ramblings of a Rockhound," a tale in kodachrome was enjoyed by the East Bay group in Oakland, California, April 3. The slides depicted the vacation trip of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Mathews, society members. April 17 East Bay was host to boy and girl mineral exhibitors.

Each year for the past eight years the Rocks and Minerals association of Peekskill, N. Y., has held a national outing for the purpose of stimulating interest in mineral collecting. Clubs all over the country cooperate by holding field trips on the same day. This year the date chosen is May 18th. The New York group will visit one of the pegmatite quarries near Portland, Conn.

Kern County mineral society devoted its April meeting to the interests of the young people who put on an exhibit of their work. Recently elected officers are Glendon Rodgers, president; Carl Bangle, vice president; Mrs.

T. V. Little, secretary; Dr. M. J. Groesbeck, director; Warren Freeland, curator; Emory Harmon, field scout.

Dora C. Andersen, president Sequoia mineral society, reports that the group has purchased a mineralight fluorescent lamp, letter and bulletin heads, four large display cabinets, and more than two dozen table display cases.

Santa Monica gemological society has elected the following officers: Vern Cadieux, president; C. D. Heaton, first vice president; Mrs. Lottie B. Quinn, second vice president; Mrs. John C. Baur, recording secretary; Mrs. W. G. Russell, corresponding secretary; C. H. Chittenden, treasurer.

Sequoia mineral society of California has scheduled the following field trips for the summer months:

May 30, 31 and June 1—trip to the coast.

June 22—Chowchilla river for chiastolites.

July 4, 5 and 6—Lake Tahoe.

August 3—Crystal cave at Sequoia national park.

The Sundial, published at Payette, Idaho, by Julian M. Field for the rock collecting fraternity in his state, easily takes top rank among the many local publications coming to the Desert Magazine office. The Sundial is a well-printed 8-page miniature "newspaper" that sparkles with interest. Copies may be secured for 10 cents from the publisher.

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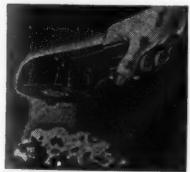
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Just Between You and Me

By RANDALL HENDERSON

LAST month Desert Magazine carried a photographic section in color of Utah's scenic wonderlands. This month Arizona is getting the major share of the space in our pages. Later in the summer New Mexico and Nevada will have their turn.

The program of the Desert Magazine staff is to feature the desert lowland areas in winter — the season when camping and exploring is most enjoyable on the lower levels. Then when summer comes we devote the major part of our space to the great plateau region that extends across northern Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Nevada. It is the same desert up there—but much of the plateau ranges from 5000 to 8000 feet in elevation. The nights are always cool. It is the summer playground for desert vacationists.

* * *

Now I know the answer to the long-standing controversy as to whether or not it is possible to drive an automobile across the Carrizo badlands in Southern California, from Carrizo creek to Split mountain canyon.

The old-timers say there was a trail across that wild region in the early days and that prospectors took their wagons through there. In recent years several unsuccessful attempts have been made to find a route through for an automobile.

Late in April this year Arles Adams, Phil Remington and Roscoe Heil made the trip in a jalopy—and brought home pictures to prove it. They found trail markers and dim wagon ruts in places—but it is not a place to take your 1941 model.

* * *

I have always had a high regard for the men in the U. S. Park service. I meet many of them in my travels over the Southwest — rangers, naturalists, superintendents, and occasionally a mogul from Washington. They are a fine lot from top to bottom—thanks to the fine traditions established in the early days of the service by Stephen A. Mather and Frank Albright, and perpetuated by such men as Newton Drury.

My esteem for the park men went up another notch in April when I became acquainted with Frank A. Kittridge, superintendent of Grand Canyon National park. He hiked over the 14-mile trail to Rainbow Natural bridge with our Sierra club party during Easter week this year. And then for good measure he added the 12-mile round trip from the bridge to the Colorado river.

When a man reaches 50 and holds a fine administrative job, he doesn't have to do those things. I told him I thought he was walking the long rough trail just to keep the score even with White Mountain Smith, superintendent of the Teton National park, who hiked the precipitous trail to the summit of the Grand Teton peak last summer.

But that was an unfair accusation. Frank walked the 40 miles in three days because he loves the outdoors—and because there is still the enthusiasm of youth in his heart. Close association with Nature keeps men that way.

* * *

Desert towns can be very drab or very colorful—according to the industry of the folks who live in them. I saw rather striking proof of this truism recently when I visited the annual flower show arranged by the Women's club at Needles, California.

My first visit to Needles was more than 30 years ago. It was midsummer and the only color on the landscape was in the gay shawl-like scarfs worn by the Mojave women who sold beads to the tourists at the Santa Fe station.

Three years ago some of the Needles club women decided that since Mother Nature is somewhat erratic with her desert wildflower displays, they would make flower-growing a hobby for the community, and have blossoms every year.

They have achieved amazing results. I drove out through the residential district, and discovered that the colorless little town of 30 years ago has become a community of flower gardens.

It would be impossible to appraise the benefits of such a program. Aside from the value to the individuals who spade the garden and cultivate the flowers, there is a commercial gain in which the entire town shares. I can think of no better bait for tourist dollars than clean orderly streets, flower-strewn landscapes, and distinctive architecture.

* * *

Recently I received a bulletin sent out by one of the Southern California chambers of commerce. The secretary wrote: "The cultural life of a community holds a place of importance scarcely less than that of the commercial."

The tragedy is that a great majority of middle class Americans will agree with him. Dollars first — the art of living second! Basically, that is the philosophy of Karl Marx—that if you solve man's economic problem, cultural man will emerge as a matter of course.

That is the root of socialism. It has become the creed of capitalism. In both the socialistic and capitalistic programs there is a pretense of idealism. Hitler discarded the pretense, and has given us a working demonstration of the applied philosophy of materialism in its grim naked reality.

I cling to the faith that if our chambers of commerce would devote their energies and resources to the cultural aspects of community development, the cash register would take care of itself. I believe Americans will come around to that eventually.

* * *

On the desert, the days are growing warmer. The temperature outside is 105 degrees as this is being written. But the air-blowers are fanning a cool breeze through the office. Science has taken the sting out of the desert summers.

While we humans like to pamper ourselves as much as possible, we still have greater capacity than any other living thing on earth to adapt ourselves to the extremes in climate. If you question that statement, try to transplant an alligator to the Arctic circle, or grow a fir tree in the equatorial jungle.



Meteor Crater in Northern Arizona.

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- ★ SNAKE DANCES north, 90 miles
- ★ NAVAJO LAND starts about 15 miles north.
- ★ NAVAJO NAT. MONUMENT north, 155 miles.
- ★ RAINBOW BRIDGE north, 200 miles.
- ★ MONUMENT VALLEY north, 180 miles.
- ★ CANYON DE CHELLY northeast, 148 miles.
- ★ MOGOLLON RIM south, 60 miles.
- ★ PAINTED DESERT many areas, north, begins about 20 miles.
- ★ PETRIFIED FOREST The Nat. Monument 45 miles east, many smaller, scattered areas all around.

★ Above are listed the major points of interest, direction and mileage. These are but some of the more widely publicized attractions. There are many others: Close by, reached via Leupp, are the Grand Falls of the Little Colorado, higher than Niagara, breathtaking scenery to the south, Canyon Diablo a few miles west and many other scenic and historical sights of especial appeal to readers of the Desert Magazine.

★ Drop in for further information at any place in Winslow. You will find all well informed and eager to make your stay in Northern Arizona truly memorable!

★ This is the gateway to some of the most extraordinary wonders of the world. North, south, east and west are marvels that draw distinguished world-travelers, yet are little known in our own land. Gaze upon sights only a comparatively few have seen. Belong to the favored few who truly know this enchanted area. You'll carry away unforgettable thrills!

★ Rich in historical lore and scenic beauty Northern Arizona provides many splendid areas for those who love magnificent scenery and love to get away from the crowd. One of the most notable of these — little known to the hurried traveler — is the Mogollon Rim drive, sometimes referred to as the Tonto Rim.

★ The rim is a great precipice two thousand feet high in places. Extending for more than a hundred miles east and west it overlooks the vast Tonto basin.

★ Over roads that follow the old Camp Verde-Fort Apache military trails, today's visitor is treated to spectacular scenery.

★ Nearby is General's Spring where General Crook camped many times during the grim Indian campaigns, and closeby, can be seen the battleground on which was fought the last fight between Apaches and U. S. Troops.

★ Winslow is located on the high northern Arizona plateau — away from the extreme heat of the desert lowlands. Health-giving sunshine and the fresh air of the open range added to the varied scenic attractions reached from this clean friendly community will make your stay here a memory of pleasant entertaining days.

★ Winslow, in the very center of the colorful Northern Arizona country, offers the tourist a rare treat from the standpoint of scenic beauty, history and just downright pleasure! COME!

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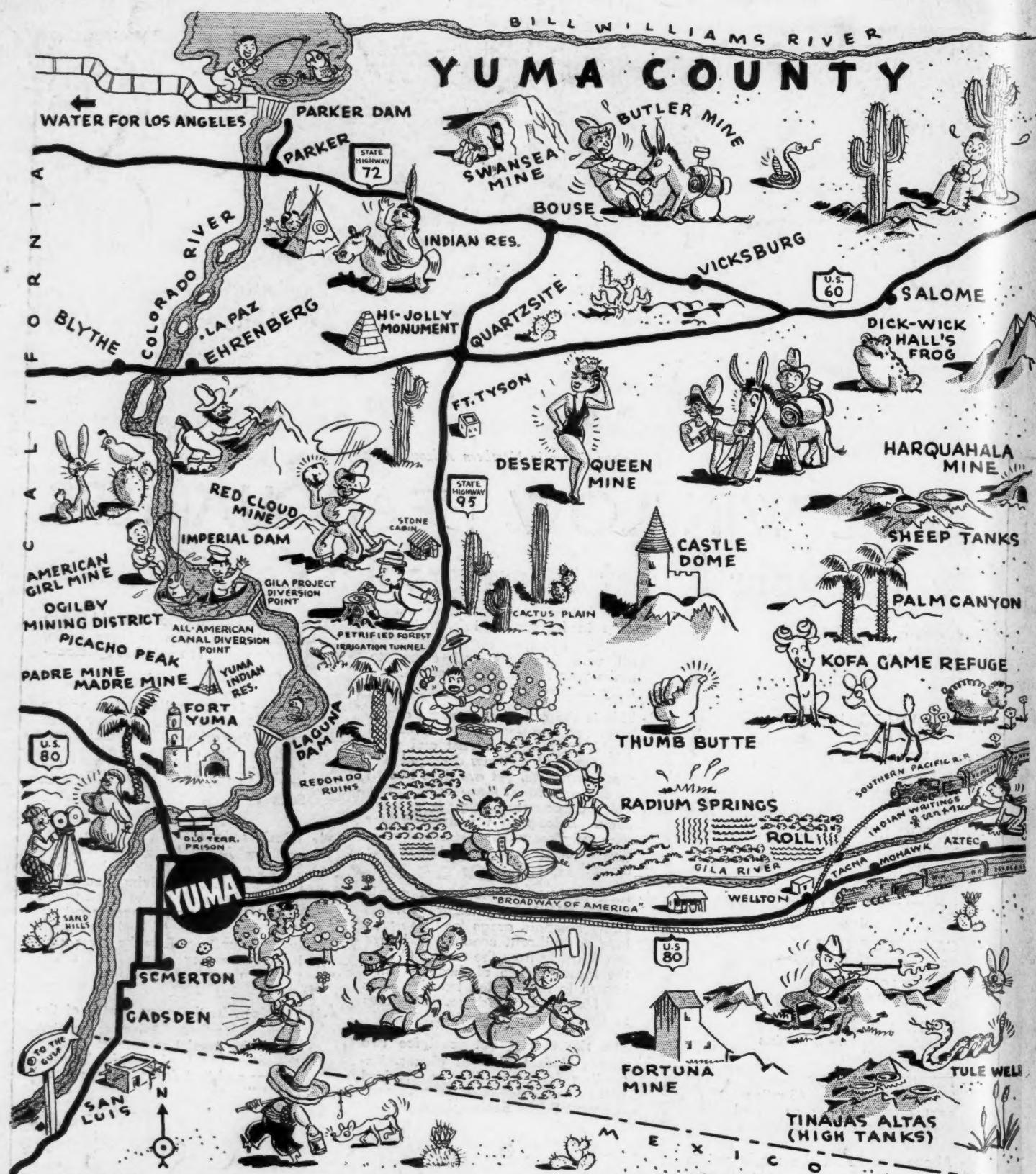
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Located nearby are the Ruins of the Territorial Prison, the Territorial Prison Museum, Redondo Ruins, Indian Hieroglyphics, as well as reservations on which live the Yuma, Cocopah, Mohave, and Chemehuevi Indians.

There is more—much more. A note to the Secretary Yuma County Chamber of Commerce, Yuma, Arizona, will bring you an interesting and historical booklet.

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